

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

October 12/19, 1978

75¢



Scoring for the Record

Guy Lafleur and the NHL

The byelections:
Trudeau's test

A photograph of a classic car, possibly a Ford Mustang, with a red and white paint scheme, parked in front of a large, two-story house with a prominent porch and decorative railings. The scene is set in a residential neighborhood.

In '79, Lincoln Continental has taken luxury one step further. By introducing the limited edition Collector's Series—the ultimate Lincoln Continental. See your Lincoln-Mercury dealer soon.



Maclean's

Copyright © 1978 by Macmillan, Inc. All rights reserved.
Printed in the United States of America.

MARCH 1988 VOL. 15, NO. 3 PAGES 1-127

Ombudsman as hustler: the other Bob Cooper

It isn't easy to get Robert Cooper, OIC ombudsman, to stand still. He's always on the run. Just an Ombudsman business alone he travels 100,000 miles a year. And now it seems, incredibly, there are two of him running.

One is "the word guy with the squeaky voice," as he refers to himself, who fights for the little man these Sunday nights at 10:30 "Outrageous by Injustice," the 33-year-old lawyer uncovers it and then harasses bureaucrats and politicians into resolving it. They're lively fights filmed all over Canada, and Cooper has won many of them. That is a national hero.

The other Cooper the ombudsman tackles may involve large principles but often relatively small sums of money. It's at this point that he runs to a different dimension than the other Bob Cooper. One day Ombudsman Cooper is, say, in Outlook, Saskatchewan, helping a welfare recipient collect \$28 a week. But the next day he may well be in Los Angeles negotiating a million-dollar deal. While both Coopers cheap on big earners, only one of them then comes across as somewhat of a stereotype. That's the other Cooper—a hard-nosed, wheezing and dealing producer of multimillion-dollar movies.

A short, owlish-looking man with a tiny voice, he is an unlikely television celebrity. And when Ombudsman started five years ago, the media knew it all: called their axles but they were wrong. The lack of "star quality" is a plus people identify with Cooper and trust him. One admirer, Patrick Watson, says Cooper has also acquired "a nice toughness (and) a nervous confidence" which are "irresistibly effective." Thousands of Canadians, abused or mistreated by The System, now see the ombudsman as their ultimate court of last resort. His program has dealt with more than 12,000 cases (12 per cent on air, 36 per cent resolved), the mail count is over 40,000, and nearly 1.5 million people watch it faithfully.

"I always liked show business," says Cooper. As a boy in Montreal he per-

formed, made semi-professionally as The Great Roberts. He later studied drama for a summer at the Pasadena Playhouse in California, and he wrote a minor's thesis on Beckettism. That two years ago Cooper took a jump—to the top. Hired as executive producer, he made *Power Play* (sell to be released), a \$5-million movie about a brilliant con artist starring Peter Onorati, David Hemmings and Donald Sutherland. It's been sold to 30 countries but, incidentally, banned in Argentina and Brazil. This year Cooper is co-producing with his partner Montreal lawyer Harold Cohen, an all-Canadian-financed, \$3-million film called *Reveries*, starring Michael Douglas (son of Kirk, co-star of *The Streets of San Francisco*). Parts were shot in New York and Toronto last month and filming is now on location in Montreal. The Olympic Stadium has been booked for the climactic sequences. Unprecedented in Canadian



Cooper on the *Reveries* set, with partner Cohen in Toronto and with Douglas (left) and U.S. movie producer Frank Sinatra in New York.

film-making, *Reveries* rescheduled its budget even before the cameras rolled. ABC bought the rights to air it two years after its release to theatres for over \$2 million, and a second deal with Viacom Pay TV, an American cable company, brought in more than \$1 million. And out of Don Quixote there popped a Samuel Goldwyn.

Cooper says he likes to work at things that have a "pioneering element" to them. (For instance, right after he graduated from McGill law school he opened the first storefront legal aid office in Canada.) "I asked myself if a really good professional film could be

Premium

The reward of craftsmanship.

Each craft has its own reward. The precision glass cutter who meticulously chisels intricate designs is rewarded by the beauty of the finished product. And so it is with Alberta Premium Canadian Rye Whisky. The reward is in the taste. Premium is mellowed to mildness and maturity in seasoned oak casks. It is an achievement in the craft of making whisky. This achievement is reflected in the deep-grained leather-like appearance of the label and also in the elegant decanter bottle which has the look of fine cut glass.



Reward your self with Premium.

made in Canada. Well, we did with *Power Play* and we will with *Running*. The secret is to get the best expertise in the industry—and that's in the U.S. We want that professional eye in Canada, in good marketing, in good lawyering. The first thing I did was hire L.A.'s top lawyer in movies," Cooper read and rejected some 350 scripts before he found *Running*. He and Cohen then learned that Michael Douglas had also made a bid. Douglas was co-producer of *One Fine Day* (the Cuckoo's Nest, which made him a millionaire and earned him an Academy Award. Here was some splendid American expertise. The three joined forces.

"Another reason for making movies," says Cooper, "is that I'm fascinated with the notion of risk. Not gambling, but taking a calculated risk. Cohen and

I raised \$200,000 on *Running* and could have been shattered. But money has never motivated me. What I'm talking about is daring to do something you believe in, stretching yourself, making the pain of losing. That's what movies are about—taking risks. *Running* is about that... and something else.

"I once read on a tombstone, 'He stood up to be counted.' That's one more essence of *Running*. And of Osmonds. An audience determined to have his message."

The movie was written and is being directed by Canadian Steven Soder (Neither by Day nor by Night, Fast Friends) and will also star Susan Anspach (Romeo is Love, Five Easy Pieces) and Canadian Larry Dano and Clark Shuster. It's about a would-be neurosurgeon who seems to have lost all, his

wife, job and credibility, and then makes his chance to prove he can make it in life. The ending won't leave a dry eye in the country.

Cooper cringes at the image of movie mogul. He is convinced that nothing damages his credibility so much as "Movie-making is exciting and challenging, but I'm also aware of the industry's shallow value system. In a way, filmmaking is like a hobby for me. My blood is Osmonds. I spend 60 per cent of my time there, and it's a joy. The best part is sitting in the other figuring out a case. It's so fine to quietly work toward something... like the here is *Running*, it's not for the apes but for me myself. I have to admit, my life is now really full—and God knows I am lucky." The two Coopers ran together rather well.

Ernest Hillen



Aquabelle Michelle Collins (left) and Helen Vanderberg, athletes in synch.

another with Aquabelle. Teammate Michelle Collins is the star of the first. The judges awarded her solo swim from 9.5 to a magnificent 9.8 out of 10, even her competitors applauded the routine set to the music of Shostakovich and Osmonds that included 40 seconds of underwater, executed entirely underwater.

Although it doesn't get the attention of pool racing—Becky Smith is probably better known for her achievement than Vanderberg—synchronized swimming demands the same beauty. Fitness tests at Carleton University have ranked the sport a dome second to speed swimming.

Vanderberg, a University of Calgary Phys Ed student, works out with her coach Debbie Muir, up to six hours a day at the new pool, training through 800 metres in the ballet leg position (cf. Father William) or preening transverse like the catfish. "You start with a ballet leg," explains coach Muir. "And switch back into a cone. Followed by a head and a reverse catfish. It's kind of hard to describe."

"I took it up because I was that," says Vanderberg. "My parents thought the sport would help make me stronger." Obviously it did. It also helped bring overdue recognition to the Aquabellies, according to the Calgary sports fraternity, the town's leading club at night up there, beside the football helmet and the goalie mask.

Don LaRoque

Dancing in the dink

Synchronized swimmers have always been regarded as fringe performers—rather like lumberjacks who can split out their axses in taken time. The effect is striking, but what's strange thing to do. What newspaper coverage there is of synchronized swimming tends to wind up beside the report, not on the sports page. So when Calgary sportswriters and sportswomen received 19-year-old Helen Vanderberg, Vice Athlete of the Year on Oct. 2, they raised two stereotypes at once. For the first time a woman was so honored, and the pick would also solidified

edged that these "prize ballerinas who dip a lot" (as one Calgary sportswriter used to bill them) work as hard as any linebacker as they create the illusion of grace under water.

Synchronized swimming is a major sport in Japan and attracts serious attention in the U.S. and England, countries where Calgary is considered the world power in the sport. But two years ago, when the Calgary team Aquabellies came second in the world team championships in Japan, the victory sank with barely a ripple in the Canadian media.

However, late in August at the World Aquatic Championships in West Berlin, Vanderberg won her way to the Calgary narrative and national recognition by taking two gold medals—one as a solo, and



Hathaway unravels the mystery of Lochlana

Uncanny fabric, Lochlana. As handsome as a fine Scottish woollen, yet it contains no wool. The secret: pure brushed cotton, woven ingeniously on a wool loom.

Result: it's neither prickly nor hot and waxes like a lamb. At a price to please even the most frugal Scot.

Lochlana. Exclusive to Hathaway.



Hathaway A division of Wmeco of Canada Limited



Good taste is why you buy it.

To create the unique taste of Ballantine's Scotch we age it until its flavour is fully developed. And our master blender is the judge of that precise moment when the flavour peaks.

It's your assurance that every bottle of Ballantine's measures up to our worldwide standard of excellence. One sip, and you'll know why discerning Scotch drinkers around the world choose Ballantine's. The reason: *Ballantine's* good taste.

Guess who's back in town

Is there a Stephen John in Winnipeg's future? With the news machine once back into the mayor's office?

For the 32 years he was mayor, until his surprising retirement last fall, the flamboyant John toyed with the Winnipeg media like a boxing cat with middle-aged mice. Never did so many get so much about so little—for in reality, as John's critics constantly pointed out, his public utterances and back-room asides were usually just so much hot air. By a process of promotion, serendipity and attachment to popular and seemingly important causes, or improbable but sensational ones, he succeeded time and again in boarding headlines.

There was his talk of a grandiose dance over the city, his far-fetched and self-reported ideas for a super-efficient municipal, and, more colorfully, the time he tried to embarrass an NDP minister of public works by having a portable toilet set up outside the legislature, with a sign identifying it as the Hon. Minister's office. Or there were his years of opposition to plans for a city convention centre, which somehow mutated into vocal support as he became president of his board of directors and prize promoter.

The media, happy to quote his latest utterances, straggled such things off as just part of Steve's game. They knew his number and he knew theirs: for him there was the limelight, for them good copy.

By last fall's election, however, John had worn his credibility thinner than moth wings in his eternal striving for the limelight. There was the usual catch-22: no more media, with the inevitable pseudo-speculation over whether the mayor would or would not run. Then John had the final gesture he actually did retire. For a brief time he took the spotlight with him by departing with masses of files and documents, which he stored in the safe of his friend Allan Golden, a local businessman and promoter. John eventually returned the most-wanted files, sold his house and went to Florida to fiddle in real estate.

A strange guest descended on Winnipeg: John's successor, Robert Steen, an anti-spoken, unassuming man. There are no fancy schemes, no million-dollar promotional ideas to put Winnipeg on the map—and a lot of people, notably taxpayers, have been sighing with relief.

Then again, may be premature.

The 61-year-old John has been much seen around town lately, clearly measuring his support if he were to run again in two years. He's creeping

back into public view, attracting attention with such remarks as "More effort has to be invested in promoting the city." While avoiding specific criticism of the present mayor and council, John does offer that the councilmen just don't know what marketing is all about.

Some councilmen might have the same reservation about John. The \$26-million convention centre has not taxpayers' money and they shudder at what

other, exalted promotional schemes might cost. John predicted as mayor that the convention centre would break even by 1978. In fact, its operating deficit is over \$500,000 and capital charges are more than \$2 million a year.

John was abruptly returned to public view in September after the RCMP caught him spending. He was doing 124 km/h in a 90 km/h zone and he got off with a reprimand and two points off his driving licence, much to the surprise of other hard-core-by-the-wheelers. The reprimand has since been sent landing at John's door in constitutional convention with former Manitoba premier Ed Schreyer. John's friend Golden was there too, scribbling notes. "I'm not a gambling man but, if I were I'd bet a lot of money that Steve John will be Winnipeg's next mayor," Golden said later.

He's quick to list John's achievements as mayor, including a new city hall and the Pan American Games pool. But his biggest success, says Golden, was to make Winnipeggers proud of their city. "He instilled confidence. If there was some kind of crime and John stood up and told people not to worry, there was no crime. They stopped worrying. They believed him."

So believe Stephen John when he says, "I'd be telling a lie if I said these days I wasn't enjoying running again."

Peter Carlyle-Gordon



John and (above) his Winnipeg contemporaries in town to feed the media rice





Don't you think it's time for some fresh conversation? GOLD SPOT BREATH FRESHENER

Freshen up your mouth with Gold Spot breath freshener. Gold Spot sprays or sprays go with you and whenever you need it, just one drop or spray on the tongue instantly freshens your breath. Try Gold Spot... it's at your pharmacy.



Distributed by L. W. Gilman, Agents Ltd.

3000 Lakeshore Blvd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5H 1C9

A Liberal dose of scandal

A obscure tea-number may be seen boldly entering the marble halls of the prestigious National Liberal Club



on London's Embankment these days. Tempered as he may be to turn the latter-larger away, the doorman instead dutifully escorts him to the club's quietest smoking room where even the club secretary is subservient to the rank outsider's needs. He's Detective Raymond Stott of Scotland Yard, heading—as improbable as it seems—a police investigation into a club which has captured the bliss of Winston Churchill, Asquith, and Lloyd George among its members.

Scandal in high places. The British have plenty to feed its insatiable curiosity of the Liberal establishment. As the former party leader, Jeremy Thorpe, prepares to go on trial for conspiracy and perjury in murder (in a case involving a male model's claims that he had an affair with Thorpe), a number of bizarre charges have surfaced at the Liberal Club. There are accusations of homosexual activity involving members and a 30-year-old waiter, and there's the question of the whereabouts of possibly as much as \$60,000 in mysterious party funds which apparently flowed through the

club's books and into a special bank account handled by Thorpe.

A key figure in the mystery is a Canadian financier, 61-year-old George de Chabris, who several years ago took on the role of the fading club's savior. Having charmed Thorpe, de Chabris volunteered to save the club, which had lost 90 per cent of its members, was saddled with a \$168,000 debt and was having trouble meeting the terms of its Crown lease which had 10 years to run.

Many members shake their heads disgustedly over events during de Chabris'



De Chabris (left) and Thorpe (right) are one in being. "Lloyd George knew my father."

reign. A man was, allegedly, dragged from his club bed in front of his horrified wife and hanged. The club's wife was later auctioned off at Christie's. To fill the empty bedrooms, the club was advertising abroad as the Wyndham Place Hotel and package holidays were given from the run of the place on weekends.

Unusually, all the club's income was run through de Chabris' personal company bank account. It has since become apparent that his own business affairs were in disarray and he now admits he pocketed as a "management fee" \$160,000 from his Liberal Club activities. He was fined and he's paying back approximately \$60,000 in dividends.

Attempting as it may be, the police investigation has at least given the club members something to murmur about in the smoking room as they inhale their Maude Grotz and swirl their Burgundy. Lloyd George must be waiting in his grave. Arthur Gonales

Cognac. Possibly the world's most cultivated taste.



The Cognac region.

The ancient French city of Cognac, on the Charente River, lies at the heart of the only region in the world which produces brandy entitled to use its name. Cognac owes its unique character to the particular land and climate of this region.



The Angel's share.

Because seasoned oak is porous, Cognac casks inevitably breathe oxygen in and alcohol out during the ageing process. The spirit lost during this "angelic" evaporation is known as the angel's share. It amounts to the equivalent of over 20 million bottles of Cognac every year.



How the British established a French tradition around the world.

Much of the world owes a great debt to the astute merchant adventurers and colonists who built an empire for Britain in the 18th and 19th centuries. Because although the empire was no longer one, many of the ideas they introduced still fit. The list includes English concepts of justice, the British Parliamentary system and, of course, the love of Cognac. Everywhere the British settled, this taste has grown and matured. May the sun never set on it.



The Forest of Lirac.

Cognac is aged in casks made of "Liracian oak" taken from the forest near Lirac. The oak is stacked and left to season for several years before being fashioned into casks which last for 60 to 80 years.



Is this berry?

Points exist that fine Cognac should be taken neat or in a balloon or baby shaped glass which fits the bottom of the head. Other people favor different ideas. In Britain, for example, Cognac is often served with soda water or ginger ale. More and more Americans take their Cognac with ice water. And Canadians have invented the "Scotch" which is Cognac and neat water. What is the world coming to?



Cognac: a spirit worth knowing.

To gain knowledge, a certain maturity and more than a little experience to develop a full understanding of the finer aspects of life, including a proper appreciation for Cognac. Order your 100 ml. 40% and enjoy Cognac in what all branches would like to be.

End ring-around-the-chimney

Danny Demers and Papi Sato, decked out in the top hats and tails of their chimney sweeping trade, were marching through Edmonton in this year's Kinsella Days parade when a toothless old grandmother spotted the pair. "Sonny, you come over here and give me a kiss," she called to Demers, a blonde, good-looking 18-year-old. "I need all the good luck I can get."

Charlie Acott, 58, and his wife Gail, 51, of Dallas, New Brunswick, put on their black sweep suits when his curly shift at the post office ends, although they use a modern heavy-duty vacuum-cleaner to control the soot, the top hat remains part of the job. "I'd never go on a roof without it," says Charlie, "that's the way it is."

Thanks to the renewed popularity of heating with wood, the new sweeps are involved in a Dickensian trade that is coming alive again, with many of its traditions: most kissing women for good luck, wearing second-hand clothes (another good-luck tactic) and dancing a jig on the roof when the job is completed.

"There are a couple theories about the origins of the top hat," says Brian Rank, who recently organized the first general meeting of Canadian chimney sweeps on Sept. 23 in London, Ontario. "According to one tradition, it used to be that sweeps were rich, well-dressed gentlemen, who hired young boys to assist on the job. But the other version has it that the chimney sweep was often the town drunk, who ended up wearing hand-me-down clothes."

Twenty-two sweeps, ranging from young entrepreneurs like Sato and Demers to a middle-aged journeyman who passed his sweep exams in Germany in 1947, came to the London meeting and solemnly posed in their hats. "We looked like the Fathers of Confederation," said Rank.

But despite the historical, the sweep plays an important role in fire prevention. In 1976, the US reported over 56,000 chimney fires, and with the new wrought models of wood stoves, the demand for chimney sweeps is even greater, with their capacity for burning bigger at lower heat, the new wood stoves tend to create clogs up the chimney. "Take a look up the chimney with a flashlight," Sato advises. "If you have more than a quarter-inch of creosote, your fireplace is a hazard." Usually the chimney fire can be contained, but with a very old fireplace, the mortar in

the chimney can crack, and a fire in the fire can spread. Through the house.

Both the Acotts and Wizard Chimney Sweeps (Demers and Sato) use new, high-powered vacuum cleaners for



Papi Sato (above) updates the image of the sweep, a trade that is cleaning up thanks to the wood-burn boom. Sato, Charlie and Gail Acott, dressed for the office.



keeping the clouds of dust from billowing out over the living-room furniture. But some sweeps still prefer the traditional method. "We did a job on the mayor's fireplace recently," said Rank, "and a Scottish sweep gave me a hand, he prefers the old way too—working from the roof down with brushes and weights. To control the dust, which is mostly what the new equipment does, we just seal the fireplace off with a cloth. The fire doesn't bother me at all, but in a month or so the roof might."

The standard rate is \$30 to \$40 and all the new sweeps report that business is great. Rank, who works as a researcher for the Ontario government and only sweeps part-time, finds himself doing seven or eight jobs a week and realizes that he "may have to cut back on his advertising." It's not a bad way to go into business. Investment varies from \$300 to \$4,500.

There has been, of course, a grimmer side to chimney sweeping in the 18th century, the children who were sent to do the job usually fell victim to cancers or blindness, a danger that is minimized these days by the use of full-face masks. "Cancer of the scrota used to be an occupational hazard," says Rank. "But that was mostly because they didn't wash." The new sweeps don't find the soot a serious deterrent. "I take lots of hour-long showers," says Papi Sato, "and I have a great baldish ring."

Suzanne Zeeman / David Fobler

The whisky a man
saves for himself
...and his friends.

It's a matter of taste.
So we take the time to blend
together 29 great, aged whiskies
...into one great taste.

Adams Private Stock.
A great catch!

from Thomas Adams Distillers Ltd. ... we still care about quality.

The Mild One

From Craven "A", Canada's most trusted mild cigarette comes Craven "A" Special Mild... a very mild cigarette with the good taste and outstanding quality of the original.



The mildest cigarette we have ever made.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked - avoid inhaling. Average per cigarette: King Size Filter and Regular Filter: Tar 5 mg. Nic. 0.4 mg.

A Moutie always gets his freak

John Kestis' "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" takes on a psychedelic cast in British Columbia during September and October as the autumn rains and fertile pastures propagate thousands of little mushrooms of the psilocybe species, commonly known



The magic mushroom: some people have no respect

as magic mushrooms. Renowned for their ability to produce a vividly colored "high" when a few are ingested, the mushrooms annually attract hundreds of "psilocybinists" from all over North America and even Europe to the river valleys of the Pacific Northwest, particularly throughout Vancouver Island.

Trouble is, in their haste to partake of the illegal psychotherapy, the freak invaders have been known to break fences, trample crops and disturb the cattle. So this year, in response to rural residents who had their little side roads resealed of Vancouver during another kind of rash hour, the RCMP around the island communities of Comox and Duncan are not pushing the mushroom platoon. Less than halfway through this year's season, they had already charged 22 people with illegal possession of the little mind-blowers, including two from Europe and most of the rest from Ontario and Quebec, where a powdered ounce smuggled back home can fetch up to \$500.

As a result of the mushroom invasion, Vancouver Island may be the only place in the world where farmers welcome the first frost, which signals the end of the psilocybe silly season, and its furcate harvesters. **Mark Baskin**

Dewar's
SCOTCH WHISKY
"White Label"
Dewar & Sons Ltd.
PERTH SCOTLAND
É ET EMBOUTEILLÉ EN ÉCOSSE
ED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
40% alc./vol.

You deserve a Dewar's

The diplomat who knew too much

Graham A. Martin, the last American ambassador to South Vietnam, has been very careless with his secrets. The justice department, consequently, will be deciding by early next month whether or not to charge him with gross negligence in the handling of classified documents.

The story began with the fall of Saigon in April, 1975, and Martin's sensational, televised exit via helicopter from the embassy roof. It was assumed that all of the embassy's secret documents were shredded and buried before Martin left. But the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) and the state department learned to their horror about 18 months ago that their assumptions were wrong.



Martin let slip the secrets of war

Just before last Christmas, Martin, retired and living in Waco-on-Salem, North Carolina, parked his little red Fiat in the driveway in front of his house with the key in the ignition. A gang of high-school dropouts stole it. When they forced open an old black footlocker in the trunk they must have been disappointed to discover nothing more than stacks upon stacks of papers stamped TOP SECRET and CONFIDENTIAL; the papers were the dreaded cables

from Secretary of State Henry Kissinger to the Saigon embassy. They also included the most sensitive CIA reports on the state of Southeast Asia, naming agents and sources considered so secret that they were meant for the eyes of only two or three people in the entire administration.

The teenage thieves scattered most of the papers in the woods and gave others to young brothers and sisters for scratch paper. Some leather-bound documents signed by Kissinger were swapped among the local high-school students as currency pieces. Then a teacher spotted the TOP SECRET stamp on a page a kindergarten child was scribbling on, called the police and the story unfolded.

Martin, 68, and in ill health, explained that he had taken the documents when he fled the embassy because he believed they rightfully belonged to him. It now seems unlikely he'll end up in court because, as one state department official put it: "The cue would pull too many ghosts from too many well-locked cupboards." In other words, Graham A. Martin knows too much.

William Lowther



WHEN YOU HAVE THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED SPORTSCAR, YOU DON'T CHANGE IT. YOU BREED IT. THE NEW DATSUN 280ZX.

Over 25 years of development and refinement have gone into the new Datsun 280ZX. So its bloodline is quite

opponent. There's a lot of "Z" in it. Yet it's much more automobile. With new aerodynamic styling, and a new, indulgent GL interior that bridges the gap between sportscar and personal luxury car.

There's cruise control. Preprogrammed power windows. Power steering. Lumbar support. 4-point sound control. There's a new sophistication in the cockpit instrumentation, which includes an indosh systems-warning computer with a black screen readout.

There's a 2.8 litre jetronic fuel-injected engine that

gives you 170 horsepower with 0 to 100 (kph) in well under 10 seconds.

The Datsun 280ZX is an exciting new hybrid. But it comes with all its

papers. Proven Datsun credentials for dependability that only 25 years of building, designing, racing and winning could give it.

Because when you're investing \$10,000 or more

for an automobile, you like to know where it's been.

THERE'S MORE FUTURE IN A DATSUN.



210-510-SPORTRUCK-200 SX-280 ZX

TAKE IT EASY WITH PENTAX.

When with remote, 35mm camera can take the picture and view screen.

PENTAX ME

**Your friends at Holiday Inn
bring you the...**

SEMINAR VALUE-PAK

At Holiday Inn, we understand how important it is for you to get the absolute maximum for your seminar budget. So we've designed a special package to help you do just that. The Seminar Value-Pak: one low package price, at more than 40 of our hotels across Canada.

And that's only the beginning. All Inns have other packages, too, that are even more extensive — or we'll custom-design a package exactly to your personal requirements.

The Seminar Value-Pak. One more reason Holiday Inns handle more seminars and business meetings than anyone else in Canada.

The Seminar Value-Pak includes:

- Meeting room
- Luxury guest room
- Two coffee breaks
- Pre-registration
- Use of all hotel facilities (eg. free parking, pool, sauna, etc.)

—\$1750*
per person
at participating Inns

*Price is based on double occupancy, minimum 10 rooms for two nights. For single rates and other packages, please contact your local Inn.

Holiday Inn®

Participating Inns: British Columbia: Vancouver City Centre (Holtzweiler); Vancouver Broadway; Alberta: Edmonton (Lefebvre); Saskatchewan: Saskatoon; Manitoba: Winnipeg Downtown; Ontario: Barrie (Sawford); Burlington; Cambridge; Chatham; Collingwood; Cornwall; Hamilton; Hurville; Keweenaw; Kingston; Kitchener; London City Centre; Lower London; City Centre; London-South; Oakville; Oshawa; Oshawa; Owen Sound; Peterborough; St. Catharines; Sarnia; South Bay; Mississauga; Thunder Bay; Toronto Airport; Toronto West; Toronto Yorkville; Toronto East; Toronto Downtown; Toronto Don Valley; Windsor; Quebec: Montreal-Langelier; Montreal-Porte-Clair; Quebec City Downtown; Sherbrooke; Nova Scotia: Halifax-Centre; Sydney.

Holiday Inn, No.1 in people pleasing.

Building castles in the bush

In the midst of dense bush 25 miles from Atikokan in northwestern Ontario, there is a castle—a three-story log castle with a four-story tower, built by one Joe Scott more than 65 years ago. The castle is crumbling, its faded owner, James "Jimmy Hightop" McQuit (some say he built it for a Glagow family who never arrived) is buried beside it, and the site, on White Otter Lake, now belongs to the Ontario ministry of natural



McQuit's castle—and when that falls down, we'll build another one.

resources. The ministry plans to rebuild the castle and an archaeological excavation was done in to take detailed measurements. But the government already has one rebuilt log fortress on its hands, an \$8.2-million, money-losing tourist spot near Kenora called Muskoka Lodge, and coming to the aid of the log castle is not high on its current list of priorities. In any case, work on the replica won't begin until the original family collapses, and that timing depends on territories and Atikokan's 40° below winters.

McQuit emigrated to Canada in 1900 and went to work for Captain Edward Tripp on a fox farm on White Otter Lake. Around 1910, using made tools and working alone, McQuit began to raise his castle out of the pine wilderness. He waterproofed planking and beams for the floors and roof, used a black and tackle to lift the 1,000-pound logs into place, imported 20 windows, and shingled it with cedar shingles. After more than a year's work, the castle was completed and McQuit moved in. Thanks to his next job for work and his habit of talking out loud to his "friend

Hennessey

offer their
Very Special Cognac
from the largest reserves of old
cognac, the world's most civilized
spirit.



The House of Hennessy, founded in Cognac, France, in 1765, also offers you its special VSOP Fine Champagne and its famous Extra d'Or Napoleon and R.O.

PLAY WITH THE NAME YOU KNOW. BRUNSWICK.

Biliards Air hockey* and new—home pinball from Brunswick, the leader in home recreation since 1945.

Our new Air hockey* and Airpin** home pinballs are an oversized and action-packed with features like double and triple balling, scoring electronic sound—and musical fanfare, independent targets, 100 and 200-point repeatability.

And look at our Brimble® Snooker Table. A Brunswick triple 10" slate playing table features a single line with a rich walnut woodgrain finish to complement any home-recreation room. Just one of the many fine woodgrain tables from Brunswick.



BRUNSWICK OF CANADA, LTD.
155 Dundas Highway, East,
MISSISSAUGA, ONTARIO
(416) 277-6661

BRIMBLE® SNOOKER TABLE
10" Slate Bed

See your BRUNSWICK® franchised billiard dealer:

ALBERTA

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

Calgary Recreation
750 Glen Ave. SE
Calgary, Alberta
T2C 1P7
(403) 265-4726

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

MANITOBA

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

NEW BRUNSWICK

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

NEW SCOTIA

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

ONTARIO

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

QUEBEC

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

ALBERTA

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

Calgary Recreation
750 Glen Ave. SE
Calgary, Alberta
T2C 1P7
(403) 265-4726

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

MANITOBA

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

NEW BRUNSWICK

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

NEW SCOTIA

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

ONTARIO

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

QUEBEC

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

ALBERTA

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

Calgary Recreation
750 Glen Ave. SE
Calgary, Alberta
T2C 1P7
(403) 265-4726

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

MANITOBA

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

NEW BRUNSWICK

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

NEW SCOTIA

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

ONTARIO

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

QUEBEC

Calgary Recreation
5555 Glen St.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 1L5
(403) 244-8811

the Almighty," stories began to circulate, they said McQuat was a brainless misanthrope, living out a vision that he was destined to die alone in his woods.

Only the last part came true. According to George Judge of Port Franco, whose grandfather was one of Jimmy Hightop's closest friends, McQuat was a "flexible, cultured and educated man"—newspapers and magazines were brought to Stirling Castle by train, horse, and canoe—who simply valued his independence. He was neither pilled, nor drowned, as another story goes, by a jealous sailor. In 1918, McQuat didn't show up at the Hightop Christmas dinner and next spring they found his body washed up on his own beach, with fishing net entwined in the buttons of his flannel coat. They buried him beside his home in June, 1919.

When the replica Stirling Castle goes up on the original site, it will be part of a new provincial park planned for the area, 100 miles west of Thunder Bay. In the meantime, it's just as well that Jimmy Hightop isn't around to see his one-man castle go on the date.

Wayne Barwick/Maral Jackson

Baby, it's warm outside

Q uiet's declining birth rate not only puts us and to metropolitan "average of the cradle." It also threatens the survival of hospital maternity wards in the province. In 1975, the government ordered Quebec City's Christ-Roi Hospital to shut down its 24-bed obstetrics department because the 771 deliveries performed there that year were not enough to justify their expense. But instead of quitting, Christ-Roi decided to market its maternity services.

"We looked for ways to increase the number of births," says chief executive nurse Colleen O'Neil. The hospital adopted the "pneumatic" delivery technique developed by French obstetrician Frederick Leboyer—softened lighting, soft voices and a warm bath for the newborn. The program was promoted widely and now it is a best seller. In the last year, the maternity ward gently welcomed 1,022 babies into a soft-focus world and the department's future is assured. Now O'Neil doesn't even visit the hospital's neonatal unit. "We really don't need the pediatric."

David Thomas

Now hi-fi big enough for your home made small enough for your car. Introducing Component Systems.



Panasonic. The name you listen to in home hi-fi components now makes hi-fi components you can listen to in your car. Introducing Panasonic Component Systems. Hi-fi component performance. Hi-fi component styling.

Start with the Panasonic CX-1100 6-track tape player. It features a two-stage pre-amp and dual channel amplifier. Vertical head movement for precision tape performance. And separate continuous tone controls for each channel.

Or choose one of our component cassette systems. The Repeatrack CX-5100 has automatic playback onto the rewind is complete.

The Auto Reverse CX-7100 automatically plays the other side of the tape when it ends. They both feature individual tone controls. Fast forward/rewind/reverse functions on one convenient control. And big power amplifiers.

Add our AM/FM stereo tuner the CA-9000. It's

designed like a hi-fi tuner should be with a linear dial scale for greater selectivity. A distant local switch AFC. And it has an AM/FM/FM auto switch for FM mono reception—important in weak signal areas.

To make our powerful decks and tuner sound monstrous there's our Power Booster model CJ-3510. 10 watts per channel. Minimum RMS into 4 ohms at 400Hz with no more than 1% total harmonic distortion. And separate bass and treble tone controls.

With all this power, you'll want speakers that pack real punch. Like Sound Pump® with our high-frequency equalizer. And Concert Sound® our all-new, high-compliance coaxial speakers.

Panasonic Component Systems. They might just turn your car into your favorite listening room.

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

Discover the sound difference of Panasonic AutoSound.



These articles, giving the People What They Want (Sept. 22), you suggest some Liberal candidates might want to put some distance between themselves and Pierre Trudeau in the October by-elections. I am sure that the Liberal and Westminster candidates Don Johnston and George Brown, two known Pierre Trudeau fan boys, are not; it's troubling me. Maybe the best thing is to put my nothing? The remark is generously attributed to me, but I don't think I ever said anything so utterly accurate, it couldn't be traced out of context. The piece ran last April 7, just after Johnston was nominated in the new riding of St. Henri-Westmount with a view to an early general election. It was a piece of journalism, not a polemic, and at least two other candidates were trading on their acquaintances with the prime minister. Johnston's dilemma was that he really does know Trudeau personally and his occasional association with him. Trudeau is a small attorney and, for example, drove up the PM's marriage contract. These points were made in the Montreal Gazette's lead piece, and the Johnston quotation in the context of his not wanting to make political mileage out of a personal friendship.

L. IAN MACDONALD,
THE GAZETTE,
MONTREAL

"This is a reference to John Harrow, who was hired by me, not by Hodgson. Lily goes on to say, '... then for a coach, he hired a man whose claim to fame had been trying for three years to turn O. J. Simpson into a blocking back.' This is a reference to John Rauch, who also led a team to the Super Bowl. He was also hired by me."

JIMM BLAXETT, TORONTO

After reading William Lowther's article, *The Evening Crosses Older* (July 24), I got the impression that a successful invasion of Cuba by the Miami-based exiles and a return to the corrupt, poverty-stricken and vice-ridden days of Batista is becoming a popular theme of late. As far as the present regime is

concerned, Castro's African involvement cannot be random even though it may be one way for Cuba to pay back some of the huge economic aid provided by the U.S.S.R. On the other hand, if the U.S. had been a bit more realistic by not trying to bring the little island of some 10 million persons to its knees, there



Costs: only one way to turn

good reason to believe that Russian influence today would have been much less. I visited Cuba this year, and had the opportunity to talk to many Cubans.

while spending several days in Havana and the countryside with no restrictions of movement. Contrary to Lowther's report, there is a shortage of labor—not high unemployment. Despite the fact there is some dissatisfaction due to the slow increase in the standard of living, we did not meet a happier group of people.

RE_ID REVELCOUNTRY REASSISE DATE

Pierre Berton writes: "There is no jurisdiction that I know of in the world—not the Soviet Union, China or Cuba or Yugoslavia or any of the like—that is crisscrossed by the thousands of languages of its native literatures or even common in its language but the majority language of the country" (Letters, Sept. 18). He need not look so far away. As a start he has had legal priority over other languages on public signs in the Canton of Ticino since 1953. In Belgium, Flanders has been officially and legally bilingual since 1963. In the Netherlands, they require private industries and businesses to operate solely in Dutch. Berton does Canada a disservice when he suggests that 1961-1962 is in any sense unprecedented among bilingual and multilingual nations. It is not. It is a routine occurrence. In the light of the Swiss and Belgian examples, English Canadians should view bilingualism in Quebec as normal, necessary, and tending to reconciliation and national unity. The Confederation supports the Babelites.

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE,
CARLTON UNIVERSITY, OTTAWA

For information contact: Michael S. Newcomb, PhD, 600 A. Evans, College Park, MD 20742

References

Rajen Lohman

Case

Source:

Downloaded At: 11:53 11 September 2009

fully enclosing dome—

Today's world is a global village.

is attached

July 1996 2002 2004 2006
and other years as noted

174 weeks on collection

☐ I want to be notified by e-mail of any new information on this page.

over 6.0 square feet

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd
Journal of Internal Medicine 255: 103–111

☐ Full size

Discussion

Page 10 of 10

your partner's body.

Journal of Management Inquiry 18(4)
DOI: 10.1177/1056492609350001

all input variables were measured in terms of

your address

MAGLEMAN 5 • DECEMBER 14, 1998 9

New Maytag Jet clean™ Dishwasher out-cleans 'em all.

New styling adds a smart touch to your kitchen.



Gets the dishes you wash most... cleaner than other leading brands.

Hoo-bay! Nobody builds 'em like Maytag.

Who else but the dependability people could build a dishwasher this great for you?

We believe the new Maytag Jetclean™ Dishwasher could be the standard by which all the others must be judged. Here are some of the reasons why:

1. Cleaner dishes for your family in the regular cycle, this new Maytag gets dishes cleaner than other leading brands. Also unsurpassed for getting pots, pans, even casserole clean.
2. It dries your dishes better than ever thanks to exclusive new Maytag Powerdry which recirculates air throughout the dishwasher. Most models let you dry with or without heat, saving electricity.
3. Its new styling and smart colors can sparkle up your kitchen. You can also personalize your Maytag by buying a Custom Trim Kit that lets you cover the front panel with fabric, wallpaper, plastic, wood, even stainless steel.



4. We put 10 pounds of sound-absorbing insulation all around the new Maytag Jetclean™ Dishwasher.
5. Maytag gives you cycles for every dishwashing job. Take your choice—built in or convertible.
6. Loading and unloading couldn't be easier, because we've still got two deep racks, top and bottom. Exclusive Maytag Dual Deep-Racking lets you get 10" plates in both racks. Even big, odd-shaped things fit right in.



7. The capacity is huge. You can probably wash a whole day's dishes, silver, glasses, pots and pans for a family of four in one load.



8. The new Maytag Jetclean™ Dishwasher has the tested, exclusive Maytag Jetwash spray. Compare with others in the picture above. See? Smaller holes in Maytag Jetwash mean high-velocity water jets with tremendous dish-cleaning power.
9. You also get the tested exclusive Maytag Micro-Mesh™ Filter. The small holes in Maytag's filter trap even tiny food particles...won't let them get back on your dishes.
10. Of course, the new Maytag Jetclean™ Dishwasher is built as only the dependability people build 'em...to take it, and keep on taking it. Before you buy any dishwasher, compare at your Maytag Dealer's store. Buy now and save \$25 with the certificate below.



**MAYTAG JETCLEAN™
DISHWASHER**

\$25 Maytag Cash Refund Certificate

Buy a new Maytag Jetclean™ Dishwasher now and get a \$25 refund directly from the Maytag Company. Mail this certificate plus a bill of sale from your Maytag Dealer showing date of purchase, model number and serial number to: The Maytag Company, Ltd., 220 Bellfield Road, Reynolds, Ontario, Canada M9W 4P7. Offer good only on new models M0300, M0350, M0360, M0380, M0390, M0400, M0410, M0420. This certificate may not be cashed or transferred and is not redeemable. Good only in U.S.A. and Canada. Mail when postmarked by law. Limit one refund per dishwasher purchased, regardless of certificate source. Your request for \$25 refund must be postmarked no later than January 31, 1979.

Your Name: _____ (Please clearly print—proper delivery depends on a complete and correct address.)

Address: _____

City: _____ Province: _____ Postal Code: _____

End-order 1-22-21-22

BARRIE CONQUERS THE HEART OF TORONTO



7-8 p.m.
The Andy Barrie Show.
Person-to-person radio.

The new show that brings you into the golden age of radio. Be Andy's guest together with the kind of people you'd always wanted to meet: people with a cause, with a problem, a poke, an idea. And then sit back and let Andy toy with the possibilities. The Andy Barrie Show is radio with a sparkle. Sparkling controversy or sparkling wit, it's bright, concerned, frolicsome, frivolous, fearless and full of surprises. Tune in. Andy's gonna getcha!

CFRB 1010
THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO

elling. As the proportion of white-collar workers increases, it is important that young people be trained for business with a solid grounding in the business. This is what seems to be deteriorating.

VIRGINIA ANDERSON, BURLINGTON, ONT

True patriot's love

In his referendum debate columns, Guy "Compromise" and Let Slip the Dogs of Royal Commission (Aug. 26), Charles Long describes Canada as complacent, (persistent), apathetic, and incapable of agreeing on or facing any issue. He says, repeatedly, that Canada is unique in its sadness. He envies the Americans and their "positive need to know, clarify, and to explain." I have travelled across most of Canada, and I have yet to meet any individuals who fit Long's description. I feel he is unjust in claiming to be a typical Canadian. It upsets me to think there are people like him, out to destroy Canada, to brainwash Canadians into thinking of themselves as he seems to.

SARAH ELSON, WESTMONT, QUE.

Look back in remembrance

William Caselman's extensive critique against the CBC as a corporation and against Jack Christie in the columns, There's Nothing Wrong with the CBC

(Sept. 26), seems like nothing so much as the belting and roasting of a better former employee. I, and others in the media, know Jack Christie to be a dedicated, capable, and creative manager with a fine record of accomplishment at the CBC in both radio and television. Management at the CBC saw no use for Caselman as a producer. This is likely the real reason for Caselman's opinions of the corporation.

DAVID SCHMIDTKE, TORONTO

Somewhat disassociated

As a journalist and frequent reviewer of books for some 25 years I would not presume to question Alastair Dow's opinion of my book, *Christine*, in his review, *The Galtstone Debacle*. Too Many Political Cooks (Sept. 30). Dow makes a mistake, however, when he states that Nova Scotia authorities refused to provide me with *Christine* material. . . . knowing that Hopkins was an associate of Mark and Gilmore. . . .

At no time during the five years plus required to research and write the book was I an associate of Peter Mark, David Gilmore, or of any of their contacts.

The Nova Scotia government refused me access to the first because, in the words of ex-premier Gerald Regan: "It would not be in the public interest to open the *Christine* files to anyone." For the second, a company with which I was associated did some consulting work for Mark and Gilmore's company in the early stages of their Fip project, during 1969 and 1970. Since March of this year—long after the book had been written and sent to the printer—I have

been doing some marketing work for Travelodge, Australia, a hotel-chain subsidiary of Southern Pacific Properties, the company in which Mark is chairman and Gilmore is deputy chairman. Neither of these business associations had any bearing on the contents of the *Christine* book, and my only contact with Mark and Gilmore between 1992 and 1997 was as an interviewer conducting research necessary for the book.

GARRY HOPKINS, TORONTO

BENEDICTINE AU COGNAC

You have great taste.

Marketed in Canada by Carlsberg Scheney Galleries Inc.

The national gripes fly home to roost

By Robert Lewis

Out there, on the by-election stage, in booths that make strange bedfellows, rival campaigns are literally facing all one way there. One recent night in the dining room of Governor Brock's Glenora Inn, Brian Fleming, advance-managing a trip for Pierre Trudeau, stepped by the table of St. John's Tory or Jim McGrath, who ran in town with Joe Clark. "Well," said McGrath playfully, "if I can be of any help, Brian,

to take it any longer." Clark himself urges voters, George Wallace-style, to "send a message to Ottawa" and sends at "some paps from Harvard" who run the government.

Pierre Trudeau strides through the media, belittled, wondering with some justification how one man can be blamed as harshly for so much. As the PM told *CTV's* Jack Webster last week: "In the years when I've been talking leadership, people would say look at this guy. He thinks he's the only one



harsh winter ahead before he is forced to call a general election by next July. His cabinet and caucus already are more restless about his leadership than at any time in Trudeau's career. Trudeau's strongest partisans are openly talking resignedly about his bleak future. Leadership agreements are quietly setting their ducks in line, in the event that Trudeau steps down and makes way for a leadership convention this winter.

Trudeau is personally involved in strategy sessions to improve his image. At last month's informal cabinet session at Meach Lake, he inquired if he was the problem. Two ministers, Monique Bégin and Lou Marchand, reportedly said yes, pointing out that Trudeau's unpopularity was endangering several Liberal seats.

Trudeau actually returned from Bonn last July determined to have a full election. Senior ministers Don Jamieson in Newfoundland, Allan Rock in Nova Scotia and Marc Lalonde in Quebec all said they were ready. But when Trudeau turned to his three Ontario campaign strategists, Public Works Minister Joseph Bechets, Ontario campaign boss Royce Frith and national campaign co-chairman Keith Davey, there were three different predictions as to when all of them would win. Trudeau was strapped—and puzzled. Why couldn't his three advisers get together? Was the situation in Ontario that bad? Was he the cause?

Not surprisingly, during the mid-campaign Joe Clark is simply showing up. Occasionally his extensive national touring—he was a free, first-class Air Canada, pass—drives him into the midst of all 15 seats. But it is mainly as a illusion of the TV screen. In fact, Clark spends most of his time visiting

committee rooms—presiding to the cheering converted—and meeting with senior party figures. Once or twice a week he delivers a basic, set-piece speech attacking the government's economic record and linking up Conservative policies (details not demanded). His delivery, after professional coaching, is strong and effective—and he is no longer "Joe Whiff." Trudeau, meanwhile, is wading into less controlled situations, taking questions from town meetings and defending his record before the skeptics.

With a few exceptions—immigrants on a downtown Toronto street, a young throng of well-wishers at the opening market in Saint-Henri, Que.—

Trudeau and young Jim Clark, Clark, Broadbent with wife Lucille and dress secretary Anna Wilson (right), and Mackenzie (bottom), the mood is vitriolic, but not

prime minister," said the next questioner, as Italian whose voice trembled with a mixture of fear and anger: "But I think it's time you stepped down and give someone else a chance." A Trudeau aide approached the would-be chairman on the stage and whispered: "Two more questions."

The clearest signs of a government on the ropes are the seemingly accidental quips and gaffs by Liberals which Thérèse Ghera are turning to their advantage. Clark, for example, provides pages of shock down cast when he relates Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan's dangerous dismissal of the Liberal riot last month in Nova Scotia: "What devil?" It's like a municipal election "Mavericks, understandably, find the remark insulting."

The Tories are inciting the same kind of outrage in ethnic communities by circulating a ship-by Ottawa's Central



"Network's Boats: 'Things are crazy'"

we sure would like him to come"

Brande and blaster aside, the dig underlined the fact that in the race for by-election victory Oct. 16, the Tories regard Pierre Trudeau as an asset—there. Pierre Humber-St. George's St. Harbo on the craggy western banks of Newfoundland to the strong-backed suburbs of Portland, British Columbia, Trudeau's style and 33-year record energy as the central focus for every national group—unemployment, inflation, the dollar, capital punishment, unemployment insurance.

The mood is vitriolically vitriolic, at times hateful. In the words of Network's Howard Beale, whose celebrated cat soared last week when the movie premiered on CBS and *CTV*, the Canadian people apparently have decided: "We have things are bad—worse than bad—they are crazy." They candidate Bill Brown in Newfoundland recently told his audience: "I'm not going

who knows where the country should go. Suddenly, I'm not showing leadership because I'm saying I want to listen to people. You'll have to make up your mind."

Trudeau can only hope that the decision-making in the days ahead amounts to a national callousness, because his Liberal party appears headed for a bleak Ten days before the vote. A Maclean's sample of the mood in 15 ridings suggested that the Liberals could lose all but three seats, suffer a wipe-out in Toronto and would be blessed just to win five of the races (see chart overleaf). Some party strategists are already minimizing the anticipated losses, disaster, they argue, only comes from the sagacity of not calling a general election for this fall. Besides, regardless of the outcome, Liberals will retain their Commons majority—and governments tend to fare poorly in by-elections.

Trudeau's problem is that he won't have much time to recover through the



Trudeau is preying on mass enthusiasm, particularly in affluent areas of English Canada. The voters have prepared an Olympic-style rating of Canada's performance in the world based on 10 economic indicators. Canada, Trudeau insists, places first, ahead of the United States, Australia and Germany. But his audience either don't believe, or are more impressed by the price of eggs.

At a Liberal gathering in Toronto's York-Southwest riding, two questioners even asked what so far has been an unimpressive leadership. "I have so many questions," stated one young man, "but I've lost confidence in you as a leader of this country." The hall of mostly Liberal partisans fell silent, as Trudeau parried: "If you've just lost confidence in me the way I've lost mine, I understand."

"I respect you and I know you are my

candidate Royce Mackay. In his nomination speech, Mackay was in full flight lauding the importance of immigrants to Canada's development. Mackay, an ardent proponent of loose immigration policy, declared: "What would do the dirty work—dig the ditches, mine the mines, sweep the floors?" Unhappily, the veteran campaigner left the thought hanging.

Even vote-seeking Liberal policies were to be backfires in Newfoundland, for example, cost cuts which threaten to eliminate two of four daily government weather forecasts have angered fishermen, who note that coastal weather is just too unpredictable for that. Low-income families also have focused on reductions in monthly family allowances checks, angrily unaware that the Liberals propose a year-end tax credit of \$200 per child for people making less than \$15,000.

Letting the fire out of the bag

Embattled Newfoundland Premier Frank Moores is keeping a low profile these days as his government lobs through an uncontested election before the storm. In this case, the squall lies hidden on the horizon in the opening of the Newfoundland legislature Nov. 6. Contributing to the electric air about St. John's these days is a parade of inquiries into layer upon layer of alleged scandal. The latest investigation, launched by the Newfoundland ombudsman, is aimed at discovering the source of a leaked, confidential report about a fire last April 26 in the apartment of Industrial Development Minister Dr. Tom Farrell.

On the eve of the blaze, Liberal MP Stephen Neary laid before the legislature a document that concerned allegations about kickbacks in the public



Farrell, the latest squall-bag building

works department while Dr. Farrell had held the portfolio (Dr. Farrell has since resigned from cabinet, as has Joe Rosencrans, another former minister of public works). The police report on the fire suggested that it had been deliberately set. Copies of the report were dis-

tributed to both housing and lottery numbers in lights on national TV. Tickets drawn from a shifting console mixer were matched to the 20 winning numbers and three teams of houses in a three-city, 150-mile race across Great Slave Lake during the annual Cariboo Carnival. But last week the newspaper ran out of luck as the Yellowknife Exhibition Association was hailed as overwhelmingly victorious by the industry arm of Alberta's Cariboo, and fired \$25 to allegedly offering lottery tickets for sale across its southern boundary.

The fire and news among sled dog teams from Canada and the United States will continue, but the newspaper's efforts to raise funds for restoration in the Northwest Territories, as no more. Changes in the Criminal Code in 1976-77 make it difficult for a library to sell tickets outside its own province or territory without a reciprocal agreement. Ms. Manning Director Peter Morris says the association felt it was when the law broke tickets were sold by mail through national advertising and the money only "changed hands" when the envelopes were opened back home in Yellowknife.

The dog derby never can't operate on its home grounds alone, since there are only 40,000 people in the N.W.T. and last year's sales totalled \$60,000 \$2 tickets. Albertans bought almost a third of those, which is clearly why the province elects eager for its mutual gains agreement. It has its own pet schemes (Wetland Grants and The Provincial) and would lose far more than it gained had since profits on the Yellowknife winter dropped drastically in the past year to less than 10 per cent of sales (previous years are for 40 to 60 per cent) maybe it was going to this dogs anyway. Susan Rogers

tripped to nearly all the media in St. John's, and although some act on the contents pending lawyers' advice, all eventually publish it. It was the end, Dr. Farrell's lawyer declared that notion of libel would be distributed lazily and forthwith.

Justice Minister Alex Hoggman avows the source of the leak will be found, and he reiterated: the government might press charges such as receiving or possession of stolen goods. Police, still working on the fire investigation as well as the original scandal investigations, have visited a number of reporters in their quest. Hoggman also said it may now be impossible to prosecute anyone in connection with the fire because "it may be that no judge in Newfoundland would take this case to a jury," after the prejudicial press the story has received.

The pressure is on to clear up as much of the work as possible before the legislature sits again, with the Opposition already sharpening its words. The only outward sign of the effects of the pressure within cabinet is that, although Moores has two portfolio ministers and several assistants carrying double loads, a long-expected cabinet shuffle has yet to appear. That is, perhaps, no surprise in a government where the occupation of a cabinet minister has become a sort of appealing and severe a job as that of a cabinet salesman in Labrador.

Robert Plaskin

Ottawa

Gay Power's day in court

Back in January, 1976, when 50 anti-gay supporters of Vancouver's Gay Alliance Towards Equality (GATE) marched outside the offices of The Vancouver Sun, Canada's third largest newspaper, they carried victory placards and raised their fists in the air. There seemed to be a sense of triumph to celebrate, since a British Columbia human rights board of inquiry had just ruled the newspaper guilty of discrimination in refusing to run an ad for Gay Tide, Canada's liberation tabloid. But the advertisement has yet to appear and last week, after three subsequent court appeals, homosexuals marched again in both Vancouver and Ottawa as the case of the Gay Alliance vs. The Vancouver Sun, appealed before the Supreme Court of Canada, entering the first national legal string of gay rights.

Even though GATE's ad seems tame—"Sally, to Gay Tide, gay life paper \$10 for six issues. 2106 Yew St., Vancouver"—its content has been criticized



Homosexuals demonstrating in Ottawa, on the "Gay" side in the West, Gay Tide says

ever since Oct. 22, 1974, when Maurice Flood, GATE's spokesman, requested the classified ad be run. Arguments during the one-day appeal before the first Supreme Court judges centred on whether the Sun, which prides itself as a family paper, had "reasonable cause" under Section 3 of the B.C. Human Rights Code to refuse Flood's ad. GATE's lawyer, Barry Kopp, argued as pointing out that the paper regularly runs movie ads depicting gross sex and lesbianism. Citing the same, however, is the fact that the B.C. and other provincial codes do not cover sexual orientation as clearly as they do discrimination on grounds of race, creed or sexual preference. Earlier, the board of inquiry had ruled that refusal to publish the ad was prompted by "the personal bias against homosexuals and the

homosexuality on the part of various individuals within the management of the respondent." The B.C. Court of Appeal later reversed that decision, stating that as "homosexual bias" constituted reasonable cause to discriminate.

Chief Justice Brian Laskin, recently returned to the bench after undergoing heart surgery, has reserved judgment on the gay rights case until perhaps December. As GATE awaits the final word, Flood is determined that, win or lose, taking the Sun to court has helped the cause of gays. "We have demonstrated

that we are serious and that the highest court in the land takes us seriously." The only last that observers had about which way the Supreme Court decision may go was the extreme impatience Laskin and the other eight judges showed toward the GATE lawyer's rapid-fire arguments. If the gays lose, the west-main paper will have its freedom of the press, and GATE will no longer be able to sue the other placard with which supporters celebrated their original victory. "We was our place in the Sun."

Julianne Labreche



Someone told her you may put off coming to the Orient for another year.

"Maybe next year we'll go to the Orient. They say years have it been since you first said that!"

And every year since, it's been the same old story. Next year, never this year.

Kyoto's Golden Pavilion will still be there next year, of course. Hang Kong's harbour will still sparkle with sampans, and the sun will still rise over Bangkok's golden temples.

But there's an old Japanese proverb which says, "This day you decide to do a thing is the best day to do it."

This year, before you decide to wait until next year, ask your travel agent about JAL's Happy Holidays tour, or send us this coupon.

For every reason you have to wait till next year, we'll offer a thousand glorious reasons to board the first plane.



We never forget how important you are.
JAPAN AIR LINES
777 Hanley Street
Westmont, B.C. V6E 1G4
171 St. Charles Street West
Toronto, Ont. M5M 2G4

Please send me information on JAL's Orient Tours.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Post Code _____

Tel. No. _____

My travel agent is _____



Illustration by [unclear]

The noble experiment that did not work

By David Thomas and Graham Fraser

October 12 is an anniversary for Pierre Trudeau, but there will be no celebrations in Ottawa. In 1968, four days after the founding of the Parti Québécois, Trudeau rose in the House of Commons to present his blueprint for linguistic justice—the Official Languages Act. It was, he said, "a conscious choice we are making about our future." Ten years later, while the official policy is still sacrosanct, its implementation is in shambles.

All federal parties supported bilingualism a decade ago as the only apparent halfway point against national schisms. Critics of its implementation were long noted by astute commentators that opponents were either English-speaking bigots or Quebec separatists. But now, even bilingualism's once-stout advocates are turning against Trudeau's attempt to reshape the country in his own image. Though the prime minister still wants to concentrate on Canadian bilingualism in a new coalition, he will face hard resistance to the scheme when he meets provincial premiers Oct. 30 in Ottawa, where his constitutional proposals will be given their first harsh test. The premiers, often closer to popular mood, must decide whether bilingualism, like prohibition in the United States, is a noble experiment that *did* not work because it went against the nature of the country and its people.

Their proposed constitutional Charter of Rights and Freedoms would impose both French and English as languages of government and the courts in Ottawa, Ontario and Quebec, and permit any ministerial witness to use either language anywhere in the country.

The Trudeau constitution would also guarantee minority-language parents the right—where warranted—to have their children educated in their own language. The catch, as far as language of education and other provincial powers are concerned, is that provincial legislatures would have to vote their approval before the language rights are applied to their territories. Only New

Brunswick appears likely to comply.

A Maclean's national survey reveals a trend toward a new design for linguistic harmony in which the provinces themselves would determine language status. Bilinguality of both languages across Canada would give way to acceptance of the Canadian reality: a bilingual French Quebec and an English Canada relieved of the burden of bilingualism. Significantly, the loudest voices in favour of halting the largely futile efforts to entrench French in English Canada are heard among federalists in Quebec, the province par-Canadian bilingualism was intended to placate. Leon Dion, a respected and pro-federalist politician, minister at Laval University, last month told the parliamentary committee examining the Trudeau constitutional proposals that he now regrets having supported pan-Canadian bilingualism when he was a research director for the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism, which reported 13 years ago. Bilingualism, he wrote, "far from leading to linguistic peace has aggravated acrimony between anglophones and francophones." Hope for national unity, he says, "may lie in the acceptance of two confederations, each with its own territory and an official bilingualism at the federal level."

That argument has penetrated the Task Force on Canadian Unity led by former Ontario premier John Robarts and Jean-Luc Pepin, once a minister in the Trudeau cabinet. Against the resistance of the reluctant Pélissier, the task force research staff has argued for recognition of the division of a bilingual Canada, a view that has clearly won over the former's Quebec representative, journalist Bélanger Chagny-Rolland, who told *Maclean's*: "To us, it's a complete failure. I need to end the rhetoric of speaking in two languages, but I will never bother to fight for that any more. We live in two worlds of bilingualism—Professor Thane is right." Task force hearings across Canada convinced Chagny-Rolland that federal language policy is doomed. "The minority I expected to find served at Premier Lévesque and his sovereignty-association plan is concentrated instead against Trudeau and bilingualism."

A dark picture drawn from census data is having more and more impact on researchers and policy-makers because bilingualism—both in English Canada and in Quebec—is dropping steadily. The most dramatic argument for the idea that Canada has evolved into two unilingual societies is made by Richard Joy, an Ottawa engineer who, despite initial scoffing by academics, has won the respect of demographers. In an analysis for *Maclean's* C.D. Howe Institute published in August, Joy pre-



Peel, Roberts and Speer: and support bilingualism on label policy in shambles

dicts an acceleration in the waning of the minority communities. "The degree of polarization has been increasing," Joy says, "with the English language and less in Quebec, and the French-speaking minorities fading away in the other parts of the country. The vision of a Canada bilingual from coast to coast is far from the reality shown by census data." Quebec City, once 100 per cent anglophone, is now just three per cent English-speaking, and Joy says this trend "could become the future pattern for the disappearance of Montreal's tiny anglophones." Joy's pessimism to descriptions of linguistic division will be reflected in the final report of the unity task force. According to sources in the force, the report's conclusions will be similar.

Certainly, bilingualism is losing momentum in the federal bureaucracy. While services to French-speaking taxpayers in Quebec was a largely successful operation, attempts to make French an everyday language of work left the federal public services demoralized, spotted by inepticiency and rife with French-English tensions. As long ago as 1925, the federal Treasury Board reported that bilingualism was "artificial" and horrendously wasteful. French's reaction was to keep that self-censoring report under cover and order even more tax dollars diverted to the retraining of unilingual workers into bilingualism through language training—an operation Official Languages Commissioner Max Valden terms "a \$80-million boondoggle."



Valden's estimate is inaccurately tallied, according to an unpublished tally reached by investigators for the government's 1975 study of language training, conducted by University of Montreal Professor Gilles Bégin. Their estimate on 115 million \$ billion—without a stadium to show for it.

Language training was never recommended by the B and B commission, whose co-chairmen David and Duxman say it was "a top-to-the anglophones." French Canadians learned English on their own, says Duxton, while "the government tried to pump the English-speaking civil service with them bags, free courses. But they didn't use the language and it all went away." More than 90,000 anglophone civil servants were given language training—the top-level executives sent off to the south of France for six weeks at public expense as the theory French would be rivaled with the Bilingual and noticeable success. Garden-variety subordinates were misled through the message factory of Ottawa language schools. In practice, it was far from the pauperism envisioned by Duxton, at least for the 10 per cent of the adult students who had lost the social or mental ability to learn a new language in the classroom. The government's Language Training Branch was able to tag accurately those for whom training would be a partial waste, and repeatedly pleaded that the government stop pressing an upgrade to bilingual positions when they had at least the capacity to learn. Says Director-General Roger Lapointe: "It is true that there were many people hired for bilingual positions who did not have the aptitude necessary to learn a second language."

There has at least been some change in civil service mentality. One external affairs official recalls that before the decade of official bilingualism a diplomat who filed a report in French was viewed as eccentric, if not ridiculous. Now it is taken for granted in many departments that civil servants can file reports—and be evaluated—in their mother tongue. Keith Roiser, Valden's predecessor, still argues vehemently that the problems have come from the government's defensive, apologetic approach, and that despite this implementation of the program has been "a remarkable triumph over time."

Valden's concern now is for the one positive glimpse in the sombre analysis of bilingualism, an impressive increase across Canada of minority-language instruction and French immersion classes for anglophone children. Significantly, this modest program was ordered by the federal government itself when it took \$40 million away from its Bilingualism in Education subsidies.

Valden remains adamant that Can-

ada would not survive division into bilingual French and English territories. "We would have two countries." He warns that danger already lurks in Trudeau's proposed House of the Federation where a "double majority" of English- and French-speaking members would be required to pass legislation affecting language. The double-majority principle, Valdes says, would draw "bilingual battle lines."

Like it or not, these battle lines are



Chaput (left) and Valdes. The Republic battle lines are in place.

already in place. Popular mood and political leadership in all Canadian provinces pose serious difficulty for federal constitutional plans.

Among Acadian provinces, New Brunswick's situation is the simplest with only a tiny French-speaking population concentrated in the Port au Port peninsula. Premier Frank McKenna insists there is no need for linguistic guarantees. On Prince Edward Island, French education is available in one school district for Acadian students but, says Father Pierre Arseneault of the St. Thomas Aquinas Society, present trends indicate "Acadians will become a minority on P.E.I." Nova Scotia's massive Acadian population is also enjoying new educational opportunities but there appears no chance the province would make minority language rights constitutional. New Brunswick is the only bilingual province, containing a solid Acadian population concentrated in the northeast. But official bilingualism since 1969 has far from mil-

lited the Acadians and there is a growing movement for linguistic separation and creation of a new Acadian province. In Bathurst, four schools that were bilingual have now separated into English and French ones. In Fredericton, an anglophone was recently refused one of a gymnasium in a government-subsidized community centre for the city's French speakers. Among francophones, the bilingualism ideal is giving way to a desire for recognition of northeastern New Brunswick as an autonomous Acadie where French bilingualism will be the rule. Voting support for the autonomous Parti Acadie in this month's provincial election will be an indication of how far that idea has progressed.

In Quebec, no political leader, including Liberal Claude Ryan, dares advocate a return to official bilingualism, but the province's defining English-speaking minority remains the most

generously treated in Canada, enjoying a freedom of choice in the language of education that is denied even to French-speaking Quebecers. In Ontario, the only other province with a significant language minority, the Conservative government of Premier William Davis avoids even the word bilingualism and deliberately tries to induce francophone loyalty over the strap of anglophone backlash. As a result, the government made the paradoxical move of vetoing a legislative attempt to give francophones a legal right to services in their language, all the while pointing up the provincial public service and courts to provide them. Even the minority's leaders, while wanting legislative protection, recognize official bilingualism is as elusive dream in Ontario. Royplein Omer Desautels, chairman of the Council for Franco-Ontarian affairs, "The word bilingualism has unacceptable connotations among English-speaking people. We don't feel Ontarians are to accept French as an official language, but we want a practical approach to French services."

Nowhere has bilingualism less chance of acceptance than in the West. Manitoba's French minority never recovered from the possibly illegal abolition of French as an official language in 1980. Federal efforts to stall assimilation have now failed, according to Conservative government House Leader Warner Jorgensen. "There are English, French and Mennonite people in my constituency. In the past they got along fine, with no ethnic bias. Today, I detect increasing animosity." Next door, the Saskatchewan prairie is littered with names of lost villages such as Val Marie, LaPêche and Sainte-Sainte-Pierre, abandoned by the evaporating francophones whose own cultural associations predict extinction in just one more generation. For Premier Allan Blakeney, "it is not a social problem here, not like the native-white problem."

Though Calgary is officially twinned with Québec City, Alberta's Premier Peter Lougheed has rejected the entrenchment of language rights in Alberta, and in British Columbia, where the government is expanding French-language education, there exists a similar conviction that provincial jurisdiction over language must be recognized. Says British Columbia's Social Credit minister responsible for constitutional affairs, Rafe Mace, "We don't need federal legislation of dubious constitutionality to tell us what to do. The provinces are quite capable of providing adequate civil rights for their citizens." That argument is likely to be more convincing to provincial premiers, when they meet later this month, than the federal government's fading voice of a bilingual Canada. □

If you've been searching for a really mild cigarette you can still enjoy:



try new Matinée Extra Mild. It's surprisingly satisfying.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling. Average per cigarette: King Size 4mg "tar" 0.4mg nicotine.

managed to deploy about 5,000 East German in Africa, approaching the Russian position.

In addition he was sworn over the Middle East, to train and back East Pal-estine and generally encourage the "Rejection Front."

People who knew Lambers well, however, claim he had two major flaws: he was a born intriguer and carried the German justice far organizations to an extreme, and it is these shortcomings which may have led to his death.

Three among the theories advanced to explain his murder qualify as plausible. The first is that Lambers may have been killed by the East German themselves, falling victim to a rival faction. It seems odd, however, that the East Germans would go to the trouble of sabotaging his plane in faraway Libya when a meeting at home would have been easier to fix.

A second theory is that he was killed by a Western intelligence unit because of the monumental nuisance he was making of himself. But the same question applies: Why pick Libya—in lieu of, of course, the killers wanted to lay the corpse on Khadafi's doorstep?



Will Staph, stepping stone for Lambers

This leads to the third possibility, which French and North African sources are convinced is correct: Khadafi himself. He is certainly the prime suspect because of his temperament, access to the victim, and the ease with which he could conceal the crime. But what about a motive? Lambers is said to

have thought the maverick Libyan leader to be the least efficient and dependable of all African allies. In fact, it is believed that Lambers went to Tripoli in March to preach restraint to the Libyans in their backing of a rebellion that was raging at the time in neighboring Chad. Lambers felt Khadafi was unconcernedly provoking the French, who were acting as Chad's protectors.

It would not be stretching the imagination to assume that Lambers would have liked to see Khadafi replaced by a more reliable man, and he may even have started to foment a plot against him among the Libyan officers who regularly visit East Germany for training. Had the chaotic and insecure Khadafi got wind of such an intrigue, would he have hesitated to order Lambers's death?

It will probably never be proved if this theory is true. But two things are certain: the man who was arguably the best Communist agent operating anywhere in the Third World was assassinated. He did not die accidentally. And his murder cannot fail to shape events in his native East Germany and in the East-West race for Africa.

The Vatican

After the last salute: the inquest

by Angela Ferrante

The cardinal had definitely decided short of a request, the funeral mass

of Pope John Paul would be held in the open, on the broad marble steps of St. Peter's Basilica. The short-lived pontiff had belonged to the people, the "final sa-

lute" would be there. In the end it was, despite the weather. The storm that threatened all day long duly arrived halfway through the ceremony. Slowly, then with gathering momentum, it rained—on the 60,000 mourners, on the broad and wide in the gold chaises on the altar, on the solitary glimmering cypress coffin and on the New Testament open on it.

The men splattered the faces of the 80 cardinals, soaked their red sashes and peaked mitres, wetted their prayer books and fogged their glasses. Only a few had thought to wear overcoats under their vestments for the two-hour ceremony. But it made no difference to the thousands of mourners. Even the paschal candle flickered feverishly almost to the end. "I don't care if it rains," said Palmira Prosone, a teaching assistant who had taken the afternoon off. "I would have come even if it was snowing. I was drawn here."

It seemed only right that the man whose 85-year-old Carlo, Cardinal Coccimone, in his laudatory, described as a "pastor which consistently lights up the browns and thus disappears," whose life was valued by over 600,000 faithful, should have been mourned so sincerely. There



Mixed cardinals paying their last respects

Sip Bacardi before you mix it.



Sure. You'll see why Bacardi rum mixes so beautifully with cola, orange juice, tonic, or soda. It's because Bacardi is beautiful all by itself. BACARDI rum



had been a bigger crowd at Pope Paul's funeral in sunny August. Most of the 300 countries represented sent ambassadors instead of heads of state—with a bevy of ministers, Canada was an exception. But there was no mistaking the tearful applause of the crowds as the coffin was carried down to the grottoes under the basilica to be laid in a marble sarcophagus across from another lavishly reigning Pope, 20th century Marcellus II.

What did overshadow the burial, however, were persistent stories that doctors had surreptitiously "injected" the Pope's body the night before as a result of growing concern about how he died. Some of the Pope's home town friends had been praying at the bar after the usual visitors hours when they were watched away by officials. Italian newspapers were quick to speculate that the doctors had gone to per-

form an autopsy.

The Vatican just as quickly denied the reports. But it could not ignore a public request for a judicial inquiry from a traditionalist Roman Catholic organization, or a public call for an autopsy from a Mexican archbishop. And questions were raised by such notables as South African-born specialist Dr. Christian Barnard about the quality of health care in the Vatican. "Why," asked one Italian daily, "did no one bother to check on the papill?" when the light was left on all night? An exasperated Father Diego Lorenzi, the Pope's secretary, snapped at a reporter: "I don't suppose you're going to ask me too if the Pope was poisoned?"

While there is certainly no evidence to suggest foul play, the incident did raise the question of whether autopsies should be performed automatically on a dead

Pope. Nor did it help the Vatican's attempt to ignore the controversy when it was learned that the Pope may have had only one lung as a result of his youthful bouts with tuberculosis.

Thus the health of a papal successor has suddenly become an issue facing the 121 cardinals who this week begin the conclave—a couple of papabili have already been discussed by the press because of past illness—amidst the growing nervousness about replacing a Pope so quickly loved and lost. Most of the cardinals arriving throughout the week said they wanted another pastoral Pope, but it will be something of a miracle if they find another one to fight all the evils.

The previous alliances of conservatives, who liked Albino Luciani's dogmatic discipline, and progressives, who appreciated his openness, may be more difficult to reconstruct this time. Already there have been mixed criticisms of the Pope's simplicity, his inability to deal with the Crisis. George Cardinal Flahiff of Winnipeg is not among those critics: "We don't know what he would have done. Several people who worked with him found him keen and capable," he says.

Nonetheless it seems that several cardinals would echo Terence Cardinal Cooke of New York, who said: "Everyone of us wants a pastor Pope. But this does not mean that he cannot also be a good administrator." This time, too, no one will predict how long the conclave may take, although inevitably a drawn-out session will be interpreted as a sign of division. An ex-cardinal said: "Three days at minimum would be fine. If we go beyond that limit, then the difficulties would begin."

A small goof in Disney World

It was enough to make Mickey Mouse blush. There was President Jimmy Carter, here of Camp David, head of the multiracial nation on earth, addressing the 26th World Congress at the International Chamber of Commerce. The most august collection of economists and businessmen in the world and there, right in front of the President, all he spoke about going the polar opposite of the world's better deal: the fun and spirit of Disneyland's Castle, playground, fountains and new water fire fountains.

The event was the climax to a week of what purported to be serious deliberations about the world's economic problems in the vicinity of Florida's Disney World. Carried alongside such international business



as Donald Duck and Goofy were economists Herman Kahn and C. Northcote Parkinson, Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore and former U.S. labor secretary John Danlop. Last minute reports were received from Shree Zita Yarnan of South Africa and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. But Henry Kissinger was there: he wound up the whole event on Friday night. "Kissinger in layland," he said at last. "A state department wing."

Oddly enough there weren't many other goofs, unfortunately. But one of the few there was came from Carter. "I was looking forward to seeing Fantasyland," he said "partly because it is the source of inspiration for my economic advisers. Perhaps understandably nobody laughed and yet Mr. Carter finished his address a terrified man, men and everyone looking for shelter. The fact that any of the 2,500 delegates saw of the president he was staying into the depths of Cinderella's Castle. Perhaps the clock was about to strike midnight."

The World continued on page 37

TRAVEL
SOUTH
USA

COME TO THE WAR



An adventure into the heartland of:
Alabama • Arkansas • Florida • Georgia • Kentucky
Louisiana • Mississippi • North Carolina • South Carolina
Tennessee • Virginia

ALABAMA IS... LAKES AND BEACHES AND MOUNTAINS AND MUCH MORE.



Commissioner George C. Wallace
WILL TELL YOU MORE ABOUT ALABAMA
March 1976

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Mail to: Alabama Travel Department
State Capitol
601 University Avenue, 36302
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA 32304-0001
(Do not send money to this address)

ALABAMA HAS IT ALL

THE BECKONING OF THE SUN TO A RIM OF SAND

They're white as spun sugar, though sometimes brown and residual for sand held on to by the insipid fingers of two great loads of water.

Ships have been torn apart and tossed upon them. Rockets have left them and drifted toward the moon. Both men and wild pony leave their seaward tracks to melt away upon dunes.

Mixed heat one, but hid it beneath the glass and glaze of grand hotels. Those at Captiva and Sanibel Islands in Florida are decorated with rare and colorful shells, gifts from the sea. And at the mouth of Alabama, they cling stubbornly to the roots of furze, weeds that search for an enemy that comes no more.

They are the symbols of warmth, these beaches of the South, of a woman soft on end, of the right to run bare in a sand that comes cooling, but never bothers to stay very long.

Virginia's Eastern Shore is rich with 18th-century trappings and quaint old English accents. It's a Bahama's world and you just never know when one will invite you to go alongside his only-potting boat or nautical 'Nt. So much of the landscape is still untouched and unspoiled. Virginia Beach is a resort city with high-rise hotels that stretch it to a 2,700-acre seashore state park with miles of bathing trails that belt through the great dunes and open lagoons. Chincoteague is a National Wildlife Refuge where wild ponies still romp, descendants of those ponies that survived the wreck of a Spanish Galleon last centuries ago.

North Carolina's Outer Banks, where time began, has borne the brunt of angry seas. It has, with remorse, earned the epithet as the "Grimmy of the Atlantic." For perhaps as many as 2,000 ships have been broken by storm winds, not ground on the treacherous Diamond Shoals, and sunk. The wrecks of ancient vessels, split out by the sea, can be seen partially buried in the sands of the national seashore.

Kislev Island, near Charleston, South Carolina, is a precious new resort. And like most, it has an outstanding golf course and set of tennis courts and folks there tend to long for its accommodations of Low Country luxury. But Kislev is not like other resorts. What makes the place so different is its protection of the wilderness around it. There's even a jeep safari tour into the heart of the barrier island, winding back to a forested mesa, and a boat tour that noses along a lake lined with birds and shipwrecks running themselves in the wild. And all along Kislev is a spectacular 30-mile stretch of beach where you can see the effects of these crowds find flock to so many steps

of sand, where you can be as alone as you want to be.

Florida is the long barrier of tropical earth that keeps the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico apart. Below Key West, they finally collide. On the Atlantic side of Florida, Lighthouse Beach has long been the domain of speed, where young Master Ford and Olds and Winton tried to make their auto contraptions go faster, and where they finally found success.

A little further south, at Cape Canaveral, speeds finally put went out of sight. Daily bus tours wind about the Kennedy Space Center, carrying you to the astronaut training facilities, the giant Vehicle Assembly Building, and the famous launch site where men thrust himself to Tarmac. Base inside the center of the moon.

The Keys are a miniature continent all their own, tied to the Florida mainland by a 100-mile highway across the sea. At Key Largo is John Pennekamp, the nation's first underwater park. Glass bottom boats reveal the coral wonderland to those who don't dive. Barn birds haunt the rookeries of Twinkier Key. Indolent porpoises perform at Flipper's Sea School on Grassy Key. The best swimming is off the beach of Bahia Honda. And Key West still is a romantic world of artists, night clubs, and museums—one for gold brought up from the ocean floor and one for Ernest Hemingway who wrote so many memorable words there.

Miami Beach is a beach entertainment. Fort Lauderdale is a city where men of the sea park their boats in their own

backyards. And Palm Beach is 36 holes of gold. Clearwater and Tampa and St. Petersburg are surrounded by strips of sandy playgrounds. But the most beautiful beaches of all spread out from Panama City to Fort Walton to Pensacola. So much of it is simply named—the naturally strip.

The coast of Alabama is a postcard of tradition. Shrimp boats line the waterway. And the Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet ceremony is, as always, a sacred rite of salt at Bayou LaBata. But where the white sand kisses the gulf is on an island named Dauphin. It's lovely. And it's gone. Men did that, the victims of Admiral David G. Farragut's assault by sea on Fort Gaines, Fort Morgan and Mobile Bay during the War Between the States.

The Mississippi delta forever guests the Gulf of Mexico covers its age well. For that 65 miles of beach front that links together Pascagoula, Ocean Springs, Biloxi, and Gulfport tends to be quite historic in nature. It should. After all, settlers have been settling those waves now for more than 400 years.

Lying about a dozen miles off-shore are the Gulf Islands National Seashore. In that congregation, it's Ship Island that's had the strongest sand. It was there in 1721 that 80 hard-picked soldiers—Couscous girls from France—arrived to marry the colonists and provide little colonies to carry on their work. And Ship Island is protected by the thick sand of Fort Mifflin. It was there, though, the only time it was ever attacked no one reached inside to surrender.



Follow me to Tennessee
We've got a lot in store for you!
See Tootal Dave (money)
12, 202 Shendy's Lane, Nashville, TN 37203
See the live action about all the things
we have in store for you.

Print _____ Code _____



Before you head South, take a tour of Arkansas. At home.



Get to know the natural state. Meet our warm down-home people, their arts, crafts and special brand of music. Learn about our warm climate. And where to find our "finders keepers" diamond mine. Find out what makes the springs hot in Hot Springs and why people have enjoyed the thermal waters for hundreds of years. Take a peek at our rice and cotton fields. Discover our year 'round golf courses.

You'll find it all in our free Arkansas Vacation Kit. Then we hope you'll pay us a visit. You'll get a warm welcome in the natural state, Arkansas.

Arkansas is a natural

Free Vacation Kit.

Free Vacation Kit,
Department of Parks & Tourism,
1391 State Capitol,
Little Rock, Arkansas 72201 USA.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Province _____ Code _____

MAIL TO US



Discover the Treasures of Alabama's Pleasure Island!

Beautifully appointed, sugar white sand beaches and sparkling blue-green Gulf waters make this island your vacation spot. Relax and enjoy the sun, sand, and sea. Or enjoy the excitement of water-sports. Inexpensive. Incomparable. In Alabama's vacationland, it's all yours!

Gulf Shores Tourist Association, Inc.
P.O. Box 427, Gulf Shores, AL 36542 (205) 969-1211

...to the warm

at Alabama's
Gulf Beach Resort

Special Winter Rates—
as low as \$500 per week!

Endeavor this time of year to enjoy our championship golf course, lighted all-weather tennis courts and great fishing—carpias or fresh water. Our spectacular golf view, delightful hot food and pleasant, comfortable accommodations will make this winter for one to remember.

For more information, call 1-800-368-3683

GULF STATE PARK RESORT
P.O. Box with Gulf Shores, AL 36542
(205) 969-7511

Unforgettable Cities

The scientific personality of an aging South is reflected in the face of its unique cities.

Charlotte is the regal conservator of beauty. Carolina, one that's been around for 200 years or more. It's a city of grand old houses, scarred by war, a portrait of the good life.

Middletown Place, with the last landscaped gardens in America, has a staid and with court deconstruction. The Dock Street Theater housed the first legitimate theater in the United States. And at Fort Sumter we find the first shot of the War Between the States.

Mobile, Alabama, passed out toward the Gulf of Mexico from behind a veil of Azules. Many natives have called the city home, even though the French steeped it in the early 1700s and the English took it over in 1763. The English came, then the Spanish. And architectural traces of them all can be found along the oak-lined streets of Mobile.

Greensboro, once daily a multi-million-dollar port. The U.S. & Alabama offers them aboard a sailing ship. And nine little states during World War II. And Mobile's showcase of beauty is Bellingham Gardens. In late autumn and early winter, Bellingham boasts the largest outdoor chrysanthemum spectacular in the world — 60,000 blooming plants. Christmas brings the poinsettias and the Belgium hybrid azaleas. And the gardens welcome more than 200 species of birds to its protected sanctuary.

Seventeenth Century is a mirror of the 19th century, walked by magnificent old homes and buildings that hover above the green landscaped gardens of 20 downtown squares. Once, Factor's Row housed the city's great cotton industry. And below it, centuries later, French slaves along the waterfront. They no longer hold cotton.

These riverfront buildings have been successfully converted into a collection of unique restaurants and pubs and museums. Seventeenth, like so many others with imagination, has kept what the past left behind and has fashioned its future around it.

Lexington is yesterday's face of Kentucky. Louisville is tomorrow's. But the richness of both poles to the foot-lands of horses — fast, light and serene — are forgotten. Lexington and Louisville are the bookends of the Bluegrass country. At Louisville's Churchill Downs each May is run the sport's greatest two minutes in sports — the Kentucky Derby. And it's amazing what those two minutes can mean to a horse. As a foal, Cenerento II sold for \$12,000. After winning the derby, his price was a cool million.



The land of bluegrass has built white glass houses around its legends. And many of the most noted of these home farms are still open to the public, with winding driveways that leisurely carry you past millionaires reaching on grass.

New Orleans, Louisiana, is a good child at France, with graceful ironwork balconies overlooking the streets of the famed Vieux Carré. Bourbon Street is its nerve center, alive at night with good-time bars and floor shows, letting the fire of jazz leap tall. The Royal Street gardens around it a sweet of antique shops. And throughout the French Quarter are quaint galleries and specialty shops, hidden away in the dark domes of antebellum buildings.

Natchez and Vicksburg, Mississippi, are both jewels of the Mississippi South — once scrubbed, but, at last, at night again. Natchez had been a city of wealth and its fortunes were won and lost quickly in a place where, it's been said, the only thing cheaper than a woman's body was a man's life. After the War Between the States, the merchants of Natchez fell into shock and despair. The Natchez Garden Club put them back together again. Seventeen of the great and gracious white-columned homes are open to tourists. And all have quite a tale to tell.

Vicksburg, like Natchez, was given life by the Mississippi River. But its name is remembered most for the battle it could not win. And now the Vicksburg National Military Park — perhaps the finest in America — is a silent, green, yet beautiful reminder of that Civil War. And the land is finally at peace with itself.

Hot Springs is, at the same time, a resort city in Arkansas and a National Park as well. The valley of vapors that has bred so many winters since 1843 when the explorer Dr. Sevier discovered those 47 bubbling thermal springs, those pools of healing water. Folk still come for the water, resorting time to soak away their ailments and their cares in one of the five spa facilities along famous Bathhouse Row.

Georgetown is the out-of-the-ordinary gateway to Tennessee's Great Smoky Mountains National Park. During the winter season it's a ski resort. But always it's a central of activity, a midway for the unusual, the unexpected. Antiques, night out of the hills themselves, are packed away in quiet shops. Craftsman, create in wood and clay and cloth. Fine art hangs on gallery walls. And musicians range from Ragley's Believe It or Not to the deeply religious Christmas Gardens.

A World of Thrills And Make Believe

Midway Mouse headed South long before he reached the age of 50. He wound up with Shamu, the killer whale, for a neighbor. Then a whole circus moved to his big top tent next door. And down the road again, there's a parade of the parade from darkest Africa.



Such is the magic conjured up by the multi-million dollar imagination of theme parks.

Most of the parks throughout the region stand down their weekend reimagined by the end of the November, then spend a season thinking up new surprises before opening their gates again in April.

Six Flags Over Georgia at Atlanta is the granddaddy of the theme park congregation. It was originally built to spotlight the South's business history. But in time, Six Flags has become a thrill-seeker's — thanks to the Great American Scream Machine, Great Escape, and Mindbender, the world's only triple loop roller coaster.

Madhatter's Daydream is the home of American music, with sections devoted to country, folk, rock and jazz entertainment, as well as a liberal sprinkling of white-brotherly rides. King's Dominion near Richmond, Virginia, offers a trip around the world — complete with a 33-story Eiffel Tower.

Old Country, closer to Williamsburg, Virginia, is a collection of Europeanized villages. There's England in the 1600s and France in the early 1900s, with a touch of Colonial Canada and Germany's Chateaufort and the Heathen of Scotland. Carewless growth across both North and South Carolina, reflecting the heritage of the states — from frontier forts to the space age.

Now North Carolina's Beach Mountain, in winter, is one of the South's most popular ski resorts, both around an Alpine village. But come spring, snow will melt from the Yellow Back Road that leads up the slopes of Mount Sion's high country to the Land of Oz. And near Hartsville, Arkansas, a ski resort at Marble Falls, 40 miles Daguerre U.S.A., a baggy-toe lucky gear popularized by Al Capone's favorite down home hillbilly.

Stone Mountain, at Atlanta, is an ancient world beyond itself, one that's in the region's Mount Rushmore, open year around. Upon the face of the great monolith has been carved the likenesses of three Southern legends — Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Jefferson Davis, all on a mountain. And below them ranges a 5,900-acre park.

But the heartland of Florida (seems) carries the capital of imaginative theme parks whose gates never close regardless of the season.

Walt Disney, obviously, created a world beyond itself, one that's in the global class by itself. Snow White's castle overlooks the Magic Kingdom, a park that tends to dwarf all others.

Circo World, also in Orlando, may be the only Big Top in the world where the guests — if they stay for long, fortune and wealth — can become the performers. Many artists turn children into clowns. Elephants are trained for riding. And Victor Castro, an internationally respected sculptor, is at hand to supervise you on the ramparts, right rope, high seas and flying trapeze.



Orlando's Sea World draws much of its talent, as well as its theme, from the ocean. Sea lions star at basketball or volleyball or bowling. And Shamu, the killer whale, explodes from the water in a performance of might and grace.

Albion envelops the Tropic world: It's Beach Gardens, the Dark Continent. And in it, you can swing in the open-air market place of Manhattan, or test the thrill rides — the Python or Monstrous Mecha — of Grand Rapids, or venture into the jungle home of elephants, lion cubs and monkeys at Nairobi or take a voyage across the Serengeti Plain and watch the giraffe, rhinoceros, and cape buffalo — just off the 3,000 African animals from — swim before you.

The Song Of The South

The soul of the South is music: pure and simple.

As Rick McGee remembers, "I never had a music lesson in my life. What I know about music I learned at the singing school we had every winter in the hills of Williamson County, Tennessee, when I was a boy."

McGee learned those lessons well. For he and his fiddle were in front of the microphone when the Grand Ole Opry began its Saturday night broadcasts in 1925. McGee is still on stage.

The Grand Ole Opry is located at Opryland in Nashville—the newest temple of country music.

As country music star Dottie West points out, "There's so much talent on the Opry, you just have to get on your knees and try to do better than you've ever done before. I've played the Palladium in England and a lot of other great places around the world. But there's no stage anywhere quite like the Opry's." Nashville may have the temple of

country music. But five taverns are found throughout the far corners of Southern backroads.

In Arkansas, Jerry Dethlefsen brings his fiddle and guitar out of the hills and hollows of the Ozarks each Saturday night to perform in downtown Mountain View. There's no music still fresh from earlier days. There's a big-screened culture that hasn't changed much since the turn of the century.

Since 1939, Rattlesnake Valley, Kentucky, has been the Saturday night home of John Latt's Barn Dance. For 14 years it was broadcast around the nation on CBS, NBC, and Mutual. Those were the days the audience came riding in on horseback and sleep-trucks. But now the music is heard only at the big old wooden barn itself, coming from the stage where Lew Riker, Red Foley, Ernest Tubb and Ray Price sang many of their last songs.

At the Louisiana Hayride, just outside Shreveport, Louisiana, David Kent has a philosophy much like that of John Latt:

"He says, 'We don't import stars. We make them.' And the years have proved him right. For it was from the hills of the Louisiana Hayride that a nation first heard the songs of Hank Williams, Johnny Cash, and an unknown Joplin, Mississippi, truck driver named Elvis."

In South Louisiana, however, the melody changes. So does the beat.

For in New Orleans, the streets run rampant with boulevards and jazz. One blinks with the other. New Orleans is the city of AJR's trumpet, Pete Fountain's clarinet, Roman Kof's piano. Jazz was born here, so they say. It's never left.

It was back in 1914, inside a Beale Street dive in Memphis, Tennessee, that W. C. Handy grew both to the blues. He had been fishing about a woman abandoned, a woman in love, a woman ready to die. And he wrote "The St. Louis Blues." Nearly Beale Street, that melancholy sound still thrives in the heart of Memphis—at both the Blues Alley and both of the Blues clubs.

But it's down in Florence, Alabama, where the last remnant of W. C. Handy can be found. His old log home has been restored and opened to the public.

Our nature trails lead to sky-high adventure.

Nature blessed Georgia with exciting variety. We've got the mountains, the coast, and a lot of beautiful scenery in between. So when you come here, take the time to enjoy it all.

Make your own trail along a secluded beach. Follow a winding road through a national forest. Let your imagination

soar—there's no limit to the fun you can have. Our colorful vacation guide will show you where. Send for your free copy today. And when you reach Georgia, stop at a Visitor Center for the latest direction and information. We want your Georgia vacation to be the best yet.



RIDE THE HIGH COUNTRY

The old leather-faced man looked out from the front porch of his wooden Tennessee cabin and let his eyes climb the high country before him.

"These mountains," he said, "kept a lot of folks out of here. But those that did make it back here never wanted to leave. And those that see it just ain't never gonna forget it."

Historically, Daniel Boone was one of those who thought the mountains would keep out civilization forever. Then he found the famed Cumberland Gap in Kentucky, a pass to the west, a key that both Confederates and Union soldiers held during the War Between the States. Cumberland Gap, near Middleboro, Kentucky, is now a 20,000-acre national park of hiking trails and museums, a monument to those who dared find the other side of the mountains.

The Great Smoky Mountains National Park holds fast to both Tennessee and North Carolina. It, like most of the South's high country, tends to be cold, snowy and less crowded in winter, coming to full bloom in early April. Gatlinburg, a ski resort, is the Tennessee gateway with fine hotels, including a golf resort at Cobby Nob and a charming village that clings to the slopes. In North Carolina, Cherokee—the heart of Indian country—nestles in the foothills, leading to the Smokies. It is a mecca for trail seekers like Georgeback Chatsbury, a woodsman who says of his craft, "I just look at a piece of wood until I face a bear in it, then I whittle the rest away."

The Smokies is a park honeycombed with 600 miles of hiking trails, including portions of the Appalachian Trail coming down from Maine. And parts of it all, especially around Newfound Gap, has a definite Canadian accent of spruce and fir. The character of the Smokies, however, is realistically reflected in the preserved mountain cabins of Charles Cove. John Oliver mean first. And he grew into the shaggy-haired just a wife or so down the road. That's as far away as he ever left the mountains.

Arkansas is a land as rugged, yet as beautiful, as the Ozark Mountains that form its northern coast. It sits in a lovely

band of settlers who first settled their future on this rock, and their crafts, as well as their music, can be found at the Clark Fork Center in Mountain View. It's a place to see a woman broken a grumpy doll from an old, wrinkled apple, while the strumming of a dulcimer in the background turns back the years. At Blanchard Springs Caverns, near Arkadelphia, you rove beneath the Ozarks, wandering along the strange flowstone creations of Dripping and Discovery Trails.

Eureka Springs is the queen city of the Ozark frontier country, called "Little Switzerland," and appropriately nicknamed at that. Its Crescent Hotel is in-



High Country

nermed in old-fashioned luxury and its streets are lined with antique shops, art galleries, and out of the ordinary boutiques.

The Doublet Mountains of Arkansas are not as spectacular as the Ozarks, but they have a splendor all their own. Hot Springs, a national park, is near. Fishing and camping opportunities abound. Lake Ouachita. And at Marietta, in the Center of Diamonds State Park, the only operating diamond mine in North America. Look it up, you want. And you can keep what you find. In that soil burned black by volcanic blasts.

Diamonds don't shine from the earth's mountain terrain of Georgia. Gold does.

That's why it was named for an Indian word — *To Lo No Ga* — meaning "place of yellow earth." In 1828, the U.S. government was opened a mine there, one that created \$6 million in gold coins. Within two decades, miners had pulled \$35 million in gold from the high ridges. So much of it — in small, salt-sized grains — is still around. A gold museum in the old courthouse in Dahlonega tells the whole story. And there are places where you can pan for gold yourself. One is Crocker's Gold Mine, active since 1867. And another is a historical area, Gold Hills of Dahlonega. Robert Jenkins, who works

there, says, "I never seen a poa full of mud and water without coming up with at least one fake." Throughout north Georgia, the land is rich with mining, pounded by "Bacon Falls and crossed with Tullahoma Gorge, and embraced by the quiet Beaman-styled Algonquin village of Helen — studded with antique, art and specialty shops.

The North Carolina Mountains. Lakes region just may be one of America's best kept secrets. Luxury state parks — with resort lodges, golf, tennis, and boating — edge over Joe Wheeler Reservoir and Lake Gaston. The new state Cherokee Mountain, near Lincolnton, offers hiking, fishing, crafts shops and modern chalets. And Blount's Oak Mountain features the whole realm of outdoor activities. In go along with the city's night life district on Mount Airy. A scenic rail cuts to the depths of Hurricane Creek Gorge at Cullman. The Daniel Wonder Gardens, near Phil Campbell, is embraced with hiking trails through a rock world named upside down. At Black Bridge Canyon, too, you enter a place that seems too unwarily to be real, too beautiful to be an illusion. And Dade County, on the fringe of Fort Payne, is the deepest gorge east of the Mississippi River.

That natural environment is a place of a primitive past. At Huntsville, Alabama, grubs a hunk of tomorrow's Space Center is the earth's largest museum dedicated to man's rocket exploration of the unknown.

Perhaps the South's most spectacular mountain countryside is draped alongside Skyline Drive, then the Blue Ridge Parkway that passes across the province of Virginia and North Carolina.

In Virginia, the roadway winds closely through Shenandoah National Park, a parkland valley of peaks, scored by gasoline — then mountain — of the War Between the States. The Blue Ridge reaches for the sky with Natural Chimneys, rising up like castle towers above Mount Solon. It goes deep, with Luray Caverns carved beneath the earth.

And the Blue Ridge is a part of nature's National Park, one of the seven natural wonders of the world, was bought by Thomas Jefferson for 30 shillings, and he called it, "the most sublime of nature's works."

Western North Carolina is a highland that blends and much of the sky. Near the parkway itself are the six resorts of Great Smoky Mountains, Mount Eden, Seven Devils, Sugar Mountain, Mill Ridge and Appalachian State Mountain. Spring unfolds in gold and green to the east.

The Alabama House and Gar den is the royal kingdom of Asheville. It echoes the footprints of the rich. The Indians have Oconaluftee Village at Cherokee, their reservations, to remain for the mountain footprints of these ancestors. And a pioneer farm, on the edge of the Smokies nearby, salutes those settlers, who, at times, had no choice to west of all.


The time for Florida is NOW

So many for so long have chased the sun. But Florida caught it. And Florida keeps it. Florida has the beaches, the Boardwalks, the Accommodations and of course, the Sunshine. Put it all together and we tell you will discover Florida has more vacation to offer at better prices than any place in the world.



For further information on how you can "Capture the Sun," write for your free Florida Vacation Guide. Tell us where in Florida you would like to go and what you plan to enjoy. Florida Division of Tourism, Collins Building, Tallahassee, Florida 32304. CIRCLE 14 ON READER SERVICE CARD OR 1-800-451-4511

WELCOME TO INDIAN SUMMER IN ALABAMA



IT'S THREE MONTHS LONG
INDIAN SUMMER...

That precious time of the year when you can enjoy the outdoors without sweltering heat when evenings are perfect for a moonlight stroll when dawn turns into a gorgeous wash of vivid color — and the best part of summer remains. Camping. Golf. Fishing. Sightseeing. Mother Nature is most generous with Indian Summer in Alabama. She gives us three months every fall. Get the best of both worlds. Indian Summer. Off season rates.

A time of pure pleasure
And we have to share it

Screening: George C. Wallace
TOLL FREE: 1-800-ALABAMA

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____
State: _____

Mail to:
Alabama Travel Department
Room 1000
Montgomery, Alabama 36103
or 36104
TOLL FREE: 1-800-624-1311
Screening: Alabama Department of Tourism

ALABAMA HAS IT ALL





Days Inns. The best value to come down the pike.

This year, make your vacation dollar go a lot farther.

Days Inns is on your side. And on your way—with 297 locations including Cambridge, Ontario. So you can get great Days Inns value throughout your trip.

Get a big, comfortable, spotless room. Color TV. A refreshing pool for you and

the kids. Famous Days Inns service and more.

All at family rates much, much less than you'd expect. When you stay at Days Inns, you stay inside your budget, too.

Have a great vacation!

You'll have good nights at Days Inns.



Days Inns of America, Inc. 2781 Buford Highway, Atlanta, Georgia 30329

United States

The inside dope from Atlanta

The Atlanta penitentiary is a hot job that has gone seriously wrong. The honor is all Kufra, bizarre and macabre. And yet there is something Laurel and Hardy about a prison where the warden is afraid to interfere with the drug smugglers in case the prisoners riot. Some inmates make \$100,000 a year selling booze and marijuana. They regard their stay as a high-paying job rather than a sentence. One man even told investigators he "enjoys" his "job" to "leave." In the past two years there have been 30 "natural" murders in the jail.

All of this and more emerged last week when Georgia Senator Sam Nunn's permanent subcommittee on investigations followed up rumors that the 36-year-old jail had "gone rogue." It became clear that the pen, which is said to house some of America's most dangerous criminals, has been taken over by its population of racketeers and hit men, druggis and thugs. They have outwitted, corrupted and learned to control the guards on a scale that makes Hogue's Heroes seem like domestic

Although the prison's age, size and hard-core population are part of the reason for the recent bloody breakdown, the subcommittee was told that its enforcement of rules was also a major factor. A former inmate, J. Wesley Walters, said an abundant supply of narcotics and cash and a few willing prison employees enabled him—a convicted bank robber—to earn about \$50,000 during his 26-month stay. Walters claimed he was merely a distributor. The buggies of the heroin operation—see Frank Capra—gave him a third of the profits. This would put Capra among the top one per cent of American wage earners.

The flow of drugs, everything from heroin to pills and pot, is generally considered the mainstay of violence at the pen, where Warden Jack Hanberry commands about 500 guards and is responsible for the security of about 1,500 inmates spread out through 22 buildings. Prison officials were sure to concede they face a perplexing dilemma: to reduce the violence they must halt the drug trafficking. But if they succeed to that effort they run the risk of a major clash between guards and inmates.

A former guard, Michael McCarthy, told Nunn that he had repeatedly caught inmates with drugs but rarely was anything done because of this

threat. A subdued Warden Hanberry agreed. If the flow of narcotics were stopped, there would be "a potential for difficulty," he said. Hanberry also conceded that "the inmates do have a certain ability to corrupt some prison employees." Their access to weapons and the flow of narcotics "is unfortunately an inherent part of our penal system."

During the hearings a number of guards were publicly accused of helping prisoners to smuggle drugs into the penitentiary. Some of them denied the charges, but one, Byron (Bart) Elswick, repeatedly took the FBI's punishment when asked whether he was involved.

After the hearings a spokesman for Nunn and the testimony had been given to the U.S. Attorney and "we expect that indictments will be handed down soon" but eventually he added "Of course, there's no way to say for sure at this time if the prison will change. Who was it said had jobs never die?"

William Lawther

Arrest, and an act of depot burning in Beirut took the aftermath—the map not be so radical after all.



Middle East

Intimations of mortality

While Syria's President Hafez al-Assad was reportedly seeking and obtaining arms and post-Camp David reassurance in East Germany and the Soviet Union last week, top U.S. officials were worrying about disquieting hints that he may be suffering from an incurable disease. Reports say he is

so ill his ability to handle the delicate issues involving peace and war in the Middle East may be impaired.

The doubts about Assad's health were first aired by columnist Marjorie Chiles, syndicated in The Washington Post. Inquiries to check the accuracy of this disclosure in Washington last week revealed, from a source close to the CIA, that Assad has been receiving treatment from Soviet doctors (he has visited the Soviet Union three times in the past 18 months) and may have as little as six to nine months to live.

A diplomatic source added: "There have been rumors about Assad's failing health for about three months now. Every embassy in Damascus (the Syrian capital) has been filing back reports. Some people say he has leukemia



others that it is diabetes. It is something that you have to be an expert of concerning the future of the Middle East."

The state department readily admits that Assad's fall would leave a large hole in the fragile structure of "no peace, no war" now prevailing in Lebanon. There are fears that he could be replaced by a wild man with no restraint whatsoever, such as his former minister, Abdul Halim Khaddam. Fortunately Khaddam has no real power base of his own, and is the only thing uniting the leadership most likely to go to a successor who has clear lines to several factions in the Syrian military.

Although Assad showed off a spate of signs of sickness during his four-day visit to East Germany, his ransacking was sometimes hard to follow. "As to the events in Lebanon, we are not an involved party," he told disappointed Western correspondents. "We put armed forces at the disposal of the Lebanese government to guarantee security. We must say that the Lebanese government is not always using these troops in the most advantageous way."

Then Assad flew on to Moscow, ostensibly to continue his shopping trip. But while the Kremlin was aware that its sole remaining hope for a role in the Middle East now rests with Syria, it was reluctant to supply new shipments of Soviet fighter planes and tanks after the shock of seeing billions of rubles in Soviet arms pulverized in Syria's wars with Israel.

As Assad was hawking, Beirut was burning after week-long fighting. Initial reports blamed the Christians for goading the Arab peacekeeping force, made up largely of Syrian troops, into shooting back. But better safety has been trying to bring about Israel's withdrawal, the Christians to regain protection, the Syrians to wreck the Camp David scenario. At least 300 people were reported killed.

If that was the aim, the Syrians seemed to be on target. At the end of the week Israeli gunboats were reported to have fired rocket salvos into Syrian artillery positions and, obviously alarmed, President Jimmy Carter sent an urgent plea for peace to Assad in Moscow and a UN Security Council meeting was convened. Meanwhile Israeli and Egyptian delegations continued their preparations for the start of talks in Washington Thursday about the remaining details of their peace treaty. Thirty issues remain to be settled, despite President Carter's repeated assertion that "95 per cent" of the obstacles have been removed. On the Washington agenda—expected to stretch over several weeks—are the questions of the timetable for Israel's removal of her troops from the Sinai, the creation of demilitarized buffer zones and the restoration of normal diplomatic relations.

Meanwhile, Saudi Arabia and Jordan have joined ranks with oil-rich Bahrain, Kuwait, Qatar, and the United Arab Emirates in leading an Iraqi oil for a gas-Arab summit to counter the Camp David agreement. King Hussein of Jordan and Saudi Arabia's leaders have refrained from joining the so-called "reconciliation" group of Arab states, led by Syria, but the balance of power between these two Arab families could be affected by the results of Assad's shopping trip. And, of course, his bill of health. Leslie Collett/William Leather

Britain

It could add up to a snap election

The old master of British politics seemed to have done it again. Deflecting what could have been a crushing union assault on the labor government's five-per-cent pay policy at last week's annual party conference, Prime Minister James Callaghan at the same time managed to launch an early electoral appeal to such the wistful despair of a workers' vote for all. Callaghan gave clear indication that if pay demands—and there are many, ranging from 10 to 40 per cent—drive the economy into double-figure inflation again, he would wield fiscal muscle in the shape of higher taxes and cuts in social expenditure.

And as the conservative moved into its final stages, there were clear indications that greedy unions might be faced with the choice of getting their demands at the expense of the jobs game for workers. Many vulnerable industries, where government subsidy was dropping off jobs, British Leyland, the ailing publicly subsidized car giant,



Callaghan: adding up election costs?

faces a 15-per-cent pay claim plus steeper rises and other demands.

The question immediately posed in some quarters was: would there, after all, be a snap election in November? Callaghan seemed so clearly to be appealing over the heads of the divided unions—some favor talks on a pay compromise—and Westminster's young lady has suggested that he had miscalculated by not calling an October poll. That decision, it has since



Labor leader Len Murray: long, cold winter

emerged, was made on the basis of lower-than-expected popularity soundings in early September, and a calculation of likely nationalist support from the Scots and Welsh, especially vital to the minority government in the absence of its former pact with the Liberals. But almost as soon as Callaghan announced his decision it became clear the country could be in for a long, cold winter of labor disputes.

Other topics flared briefly at the week-end convention, notably a demand for a full-scale inquiry into pension-breaking by British companies dealing with the illegal regime in Rhodesia. But nothing approached the importance of the pay divide. For Callaghan, the dilemma was heightened by an unexpected influx of left-wing members to Labor's national executive council it had been anticipated that moderate or right-wing union votes would swing the pendulum back toward the centre.

So while union leaders, headed by Trade Union Congress General Secretary Len Murray, and government launch full-scale discussions on how to avert the pay gap, Callaghan and his deputy, Michael Foot, will be staying down to do their election man job. There is not much margin for error, given Labor's traditional weakness against the Conservatives in pulling out their maximum vote. A wet polling day and disinflation over unemployment or wages could spell disaster. But the most basic rule of all is: How do you equate five per cent with 10, 15, or 40 per cent? The last of these is the pay claim being demanded by the miners, and it is not five years since Tony Greener told Heath close to right, but pay policy had with the miners—and lost.

Carol Kennedy

Fair Lady to Fair Deal

Fair lady of the 1800's lived in a charming fashion. Her worth measured solely by the attention she and her dowry could attract from men, she put her faith in "finesse of face, fairness of form, fine manners, and good humour" and cherished the dream of a marriage that would vault her up the social ladder to a life of security.

Discouraged from entering most trades, and without skills or knowledge of money matters, she depended on the generosity of others and "charmed her fair life." Peasant or princess, until lately, woman's only assurance of the future, was marriage.

Today's fair lady wants a fair deal.

Many of today's women choose to "lend for themselves" and recognize they



can no longer afford "demure innocence" in money matters. Taking the future firmly into their own hands, they are making great strides from dependence to independence and undertaking responsibility for the plans and decisions for their future security that up until now had been left to men.

Life insurance will be a key element in those plans. But to provide lasting security, life insurance plans must be fashioned with skill, imagination and insights. Insights. It's a word we at ManuLife use to describe the core, skill and creativity we bring to bear on your insurance needs.

Think about insights into insurance from ManuLife: the help and information you can depend on to keep your independence secure.

Insights into Insurance

ManuLife

The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company

CROOKED CAT songstress **Colleen (Doozy) Peterson** has shed her bike jeans, madden tabcloth of her red-checked shirt and is trying to look more like Loretta Lynn than Elyse (Champ). At a good cause Petros, who just wrapped up an American Chorus tour with friend **Gordon Lightfoot**, says she's had it with folk festivals and summer tours in Petoskey and Nagsaw. Says she "It's time for a high profile and a new image," and to that end she'll be spending a warm winter in Los Angeles where she hopes to do more recording. In step with her new persona is the title of Peterson's third and latest Capitol album: *Takin' My Boots Off*.



Colleen Peterson grins on her top hat

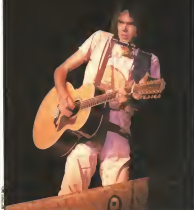
Should Sukathewin Rungtornstien's quarterback **Ron Lancaster** ever write his autobiography, it may be entitled, "The Old Man and the CFL." Lancaster, the 38-year veteran of the Canadian Football League (and Grey Cup winner in 1986 and '86) is celebrating his 40th birthday this week. Get it, making him the oldest active quarterback in North America. (The closest challengers in the NFL are **Frank Tompa** of the Minnesota Vikings and Washington Redskins' **Boomer**, both 39.) Although there are rumors that the bronze bomber may retire, that he's lost a step and won't be able to lead his last-place roughies out of the Western Conference cellar, Lancaster maintains it has nothing to do with age. "This birthday doesn't find any different from my 20th," he said. Someone should tell that to his opposing defenses. Lancaster leads the league in pass interceptions.

George Hall. He's also working on the final stages of his book, *When You Wish Upon a Star*, and in May he'll represent Canada at Birmingham's Festival of the World—otherwise the answer to the Olympics. However, the project Russell's most seriously awaiting is an upcoming \$10-million movie (produced by Marshall McLuhan's daughter Teri) in which he's

been cast as a dragon. "It's about a man who finds his reality through dispute," said Russell. "Somehow, I can relate to that."

Uase **Rehearsal Singer** was routinely eating breakfast in his favorite Miami dragstore last week, when his wife walked in and offered him \$5 million. "I thought she was joking," said the 71-year-old Yiddish writer from his Miami condominium where he's celebrating the Jewish High Holy Days. "But the phone's been ringing ever since, so I guess it's true. I didn't even know I was married." Singer, who came to the United States from Poland in 1933 and was presently working on a spiritual autobiography and another volume of short stories, but that he planned to travel to Stockholm Dec. 30, to receive his award which is accompanied by \$100,000 cash, "if God gives me good health."

It's frowned upon in the world of *Udeter*, but in Hollywood, which has been knocked silly by the ballet craze, they seem to be stepping on one another's toes. Take, for example, **Michael B.**



Neil Young picks up sound

gryshnikov (*The Turning Point*) who did for dance what John Travolta's done for disco. Beryshnikov is being wooed by United Artists' producer Harry Saltzman to star in a movie based on the life of the late ballet great, Nijinsky. The trouble is, Beryshnikov wants to pro-

duce and star in his own version. To further confuse the issue, Ken Russell (*The Devils*) would like to try it with **Pauline Kater** as Nijinsky. Meanwhile, *20th Century-Fox* is looking to re-enter the lucrative bug with son of *Turning Point*. Adding international flavor, the

Russians are also trying to get into the act with an Anglo-Russian co-production of *Parvula Gasp*, everyone's favorite

IT WASN'T the film, but for super-racker **U. Neil Young**, having supper with family and friends at a little-known Toronto eatery was a chance to get back to his roots. As well, it was the ripe time for Neil to introduce the clan to his wife, Peggy, who's expecting their first child in December. (He was previously living with actress **Carrie Henningsen**.) Still, in Toronto with his band **Crazy Horse**, hadn't played his hometown since 1971. Ever the prodigal son, he asked his father, author-collector **Scott Young**, to arrange the reunion at Corona's, a neighborhood Italian restaurant he remembered from his childhood. In making sure photographers wouldn't crash the party, Young the elder warned that if the press showed up he wouldn't pay the tab. Not to worry. The media failed to appear and Neil treated the bill anyway.

Distinct philosopher-mathematician **Bartholomew Russell** (1850-1900) fathered more than the concept of symbolic logic. Married four times, Russell had three children, one of whom is **Lady Katherine Tait**, a 54-year-old PhD from Harvard who is negotiating to sell McMaster University 150 of her father's handwritten letters. Tait, who was critical of Russell's driving perfectionism in her book *My Father Bartholomew Russell*, has maligned several the man who was known for his voraciousness as well as his intellectual prowess. In concert with the letters, which reveal Russell as a "wise and loving parent," Tait says "He was a nice man. He taught us how to build dams and stretch ropes."

—Edited by Joe O'Hara

Katherine Tait from page with love



Craig Russell: who are those pants?



Suddenly, it's the place to be.

The sunny island paradise that is becoming a favorite vacation retreat for winter travelers.

Just off the Texas Coast, surrounded by warm Gulf waters... you are lured by the sparkling surf, breathtaking beaches, fabulous fishing and tales of sunken treasure that are the legend of South Padre Island. A tropical climate tempered by refreshing Gulf breezes, the finest hotels and restaurants, and a uniquely easy lifestyle add to the special flavor of the resort area.

South Padre Island is accessible by causeway from major highways and the Rio Grande Valley's International Airport at Harlingen. It's only minutes from magnificent Mexico.



South Padre Island chartered island resort
ON THE "SP" OF TEXAS
MEXICO BORDER.
For colorful brochures and info write:
Magic Valley Holidays/Deer MC
P.O. Box 2691
Harlingen, Texas 79550

Or ask your travel agent about Magic Valley Holiday package tours

How sweet it wasn't

The investigation began nine years ago, the trial, four. After overturned decisions, a minister found in contempt of court, and leaked stories about pressure on judges, sentence was finally handed down Oct. 6 as Eastern Canada's three largest sugar companies were each fined \$750,000. The fine, following a March conviction for conspiring for more than 13 years to prevent or lessen competition, were levied against Atlantic Sugar Refineries Co. Ltd., Redpath Industries Ltd. and St. Lawrence Sugar Ltd. While it was not the \$1-million sum requested last month by

special prosecutor Bruno J. Patenaude under the Competition Investigation Act, it is more than double the previous record of \$300,000 slapped on Canadian General Electric in 1977.

Revenge was inspired by Quebec Superior Court Justice Kenneth MacKay, who, ironically, had acquitted the three in December, 1979, on grounds of insufficient evidence. It was that acquittal verdict which started anti-competition investigations in Ottawa and caused Andre Ouellet, then minister of consumer and corporate affairs, to blurt to a reporter "I think it is a silly decision. I just cannot understand how a judge who is sane could give such a verdict." Cited for contempt, Ouellet tried to lead off his own conviction by asking then public works minister C. M. (Bud) Drury to call Mr. Justice James Ho-

lin, between producer and transporter is even by some as a conflict of interest, among cynics and not a few hoodies.

But last week, as Gallagher, Dome President Willem E. Richards and Senior Vice-President John M. Sedelwitz took their seats in TPI's 14th Board of Directors, all was cheerful. For Gallagher is not about to carve a piece of anything just for himself. Life, he says, is really too short to not try to work things out between competing forces. That doesn't, however, include Canadian Pacific Investments Ltd., whose 13-per-cent TPI stake, elevated Dome bought in August adding nine per cent on the open market. Resignations accepted in the two-hour board meeting to clear the way for Dome's three included left O. Sordke, chairman of Canadian Private Ltd. Chairman Robert W. Campbell and President John Taylor, both of Pan-Canadian Petroleum.

Gallagher shares and shent skills



Photo by Peter MacKenzie

mission of the Quebec Superior Court, who was hearing the contempt case. When that leaked too, Ouellet responded: "I am convicted of contempt, he paid a \$500 fine and is only now beginning to recover lost political ground."

In calling for the \$1-million fine, Patenaude pointed out that the \$25,000 fines for a similar one-year offence when the companies pleaded guilty in 1984 would, if converted to 1976 dollars and multiplied by the 13 years in the present charge, be \$740,130. Last words on the conspiracy, alleged to have involved several companies in various countries, have yet to be spoken. Even before the fines were assessed, the companies indicated they'd take the case to the Supreme Court of Canada, where it won't likely be heard until next year, a decade after it all began.

Gallagher's moves will be careful, building a man who has crafted a network of bank chairman and political high-ups to fund such low die or help riding the market's oil crisis. As smooth as butter as a kitchen's oil, Gallagher chooses his words with care. "We propose to learn a bit about the TransCanada people and their plans before we shed our thoughts." While TPI is actively pursuing a pipeline to Quebec City, acquired natural gas from Algeria and King Christian Island and is participating in the Polar Gas Project (a position on the board was a slowing hand). After a difficult birth in Feb. 1980's TPI, now shows where it's been taken over, left off gas deals at speech up to 20 m.p.h. from the Alberta-Saskatchewan border to Montreal.

Gallagher says Dome is a firm, buy a good investment, but there are aggressive long term plans. It had five days before the board meeting Oct. 4, he met with Robert Blair, president of Foodplus Pipe Lines (Yukon) Ltd., builders of the Canadian portion of the Alaska Highway gas line and recent Husky Oil takes over champ (Mexico) July 10). Blair had called Gallagher to ask up the 30-minute meeting in Gallagher's Calgary office to discuss a pipeline plan that has Pan Alberta Gas Ltd. pay build the southern end of the Alaska Highway line but was less hostile in private. "We think there's room for both," says Gallagher, finishing a cordial smile. Behind the apparent benevolence, however, is a new touch enough to build Dome from a 1955 oil company into a \$250 million giant. And with the toughness the style to keep the right people together at the right time. His words warm an ear, his hand cups an elbow, figures business a point and there's another convict to the gospel according to Simon Jack, where the pen is top enough for all.

Roderick McQueen



Every great Screwsdriver has a silent partner.

A Premium Vodka distilled in Canada by Canadian Whiskey Distillers Ltd.

A Flower for all seasons

By Roy MacGregor

I retired in 1973, the same year Guy arrived and he came to me and asked me what I thought about him taking my master number. "If you want it, take it," I told him. "But don't you think you already have enough on you? Why don't you pick another number and make it *jeuneuse* again?"—Jean Béliveau

The new arrival of Quebec is known by its trade mark No. 50. The color may be approximately described as flowery as it rises this fall out of preshore, after-shore, onshore, desiderant and the true snow of Christmas, soap-on-a-rope. The same number can be found pushing automobiles, skates, vials and yogurt. No. 50 surfaces on the binders, pencil cases and exercise books the children carry to school. Even the nongamy it called Number 30 Penetration Inc. and the president—like those without programs—is Guy Lafleur. The company he keeps as a hockey player, however, has narrowed down year by year until today there is only himself. While the National Hockey League launches its 50th season this week there are only the long-shot meetings of the house left. Will Lafleur's team, the Montreal Canadiens, which has already won more than one-third of all 31 championships, somehow fail to win yet another?

Will Lafleur himself—most valuable player over the past two seasons, scoring champion over the past three—could even his last year's feat of 60 goals? The answer is already with us, lying in a sealed envelope in a suburban office outside Montreal. Inside it writes Guy Lafleur's annual prediction for his coming season, and the hint is that—despite a broken nose suffered at the end of the exhibition schedule—he will indeed do better.

It is Lafleur's enormous gift that makes him special, certainly not his walk—the steps too long—nor his face grayer soft, it is more the look of someone who should be topping up your battery. The eyes, however, brown and

shimmering, they seem to emanate the immediate area about him. Not in fear—though that was once the case when undercover detectives took every step he took—but in simple anticipation. Everywhere, even in the U.S.S.R. where customs agents asked for his autograph, they know the man who, like Bernini's statue, is proud to be called "Flower." Counting Maisonneuve Boulevard, the eyes interpose a sultry woman who steps sideways just long enough to kiss Lafleur on the lips. Out of a hydra marble two workmen rise and call his name. A woman bumps her son forward for a laying on of his hands. Those who don't want just to touch would like to give a man promises a new suit, a girl's present. An unnamed European country this season offered a boiler, a



Lafleur juggling the advertisers' tale while saving at another scoring tale

housekeeper, a villa on the water, a new luxury car and a hockey fan's ransack, all too free. To reject it, he only had to change his sweater.

The man an entire province prayed for when Jean Béliveau moved on has arrived at his full bloom. It is hardly possible to believe today that these same hands that raffle children as if their imaginations were crops he himself had planted, once struggled to put down his desperate feelings in poetry. It is harder still to realize these same friendly eyes could have spilled tears over the red, white and blue ice Canadian-colored chateaufort in Jean Béliveau's office as Lafleur sat crying over whatever it was that had gone so wrong with his promised life.

But eyes can also weep for joy. And Antoine Vasa, who has shared much of his life for this moment, is dampening slightly as he stands watching his beloved Canadian skate and shoot and actually breathe. The Montreal Forum is empty of fans, but Guy Lafleur—who



as hour earlier has said "What good is money when you play and lose?"—in skating with Stanley Cup interviews during a \$50-per-minute pre-season scrimmage. His swifty hair matted with the cream cake his team-mates have used to celebrate his 27th birthday, Lafleur commands his range to turn a 4-0 deficit into victory. In the dying minutes he scores, sets up the tying goal, then single-handedly wins the game on overtime with a phantom shot from the point. He has served notice against the best hockey team in the world, his own, that Lafleur is ready for the next season. For Antoine Vasa, who wears floor rights at the American-owned Bell plant, the state of his Canadian is in many ways, the state of his own well-being. The team and Lafleur are an unspoken vi-

siere Larouché, who came to Montreal from Pittsburgh last year, says he actually said to cheer for Lafleur when their teams played. "They'd be ahead 6-1 and I'd be in the bench wishing he'd score more, just so I could watch and see how it is done." The tie to recognize this special status has probably been Lafleur himself. In Moscow this summer he was asked by the head of hockey and the director of all Soviet sports to pick his own world all-star team and when he came to right wing he blushed deeply and said "Me!"—quietly covering his embarrassment with a head that tipped it was merely his own little joke, but the Soviet officials graciously nodded in total agreement.

"The Flower is a very strange person," says Lafleur's five main and good



The Flower holds Larry Robinson (jacket), Jacques Lemaire and the silver brush

dication. "Ah, Lafleur," Vasa says, enthusiastically speaking English to the reporter who helped him sneak in. "Lafleur is Lafleur. I love it."

The premier is accidental but telling, for Guy Lafleur is more symbol than human to a great many Québécois. "Heard," says Jerry Petre, Lafleur's agent, "probably more genuine as he has to perform from the people in his presence than there is in Paul Lévesque." We may be, as Irving Layton has said, "a dull people stammered of childish games," but Layton is seriously not speaking for those in whom hockey is a far more mature passion than politics. For them, Lafleur occupies the highest office in the land.

"I think over the last five years Lafleur has proved himself to be the finest player in North America," says Alan Eagleson. "One is the true three back," says Ken Dryden, the Canadian goal-keeper. "I look out sometimes and see the St. Lawrence skater, not the player, and it is a beautiful thing to behold."

friend Steve Shutt. It is not for any obvious idiosyncrasy such as his superstitious tap of the goal netting to start his game and period, what is truly odd, in Shutt's evaluation, is that Lafleur is "the darkest thing from an athlete you'd ever want to see off the ice." A loyal consumer of Molson's ale (the brewery owns his team) and a chain smoker who two weeks ago switched to a pipe—Lafleur does little more than work out with santon oil in the off-season. "He shows up at 6 a.m., puts on his skates and it's the first time he's been on them since the playoffs," says Larry Robinson of the Canadiens. "And the freethinking thing is he just flies by everybody, *impeccably*." For people like Jean Béliveau, who even in retirement runs two to three miles a day, it is a continuing mystery how Lafleur—who hasn't attended an annual practice in years—remains so fit. "The most

the Boston Bruins when he overheard Phil Esposito growl to his line mates, "Which one is Lafleur?" The season before, Esposito had scored a record 58 goals, but there was obvious concern in his voice. So much was Guy Lafleur on people's minds—despite never having played a single professional game—that a movie about him was made for production to get a Lafleur-endorsed table hockey game out in time for Christmas. His main competition, naturally, would be the Phil Esposito game.

By the third winter, however, the Lafleur game was off the market. Not only had the mackie award gone to his teammate Ken Dryden, but the word around the league was that Lafleur was "yellow." The junior promise had become a professional deceit. "He'd been somewhat of a bait, you might say," says Steve Bisset.

"My legs were in Montreal," Lafleur says, "but my heart was in Quebec City. My mind wasn't on hockey." With the press constantly demanding what was wrong, Lafleur took to hiding in his Montreal apartment and writing depressing poetry about the meaninglessness of life and unfairness of death—a melancholia that still surfaces from time to time—and his game deteriorated even further. To give him confidence the Canadians ordered a \$465,000 (over three years) loan from the Quebec Nordiques of the WHA with a new contract for Lafleur—\$1 million over 10 years, fully guaranteed. He responded with his worst season of all: 23 goals.

The inebriary sessions in Jean Béliveau's office weren't providing a solution either. It took a cigarette by Béliveau in the spring of 1974 to provide the remedy. Béliveau let it be known that he was less than pleased with the performance of his hero, and he exhorted Lafleur to not working hard enough. The



Teammate Jean Béliveau and Lafleur on the scene of the great steal of No. 10.

effect, at first devastating, became "a wake-up" for Lafleur and he emerged from his funk by announcing "I'll show the bastards." When training camp opened, he discarded his yellow stigma with his helmet and the new Guy Lafleur suddenly and aggressively emerged as Béliveau's roommate. A heaven figure probably cost him the scoring championship that year, but he has held the title for the three years since. The legendary team that is the past-revered such names as "Bedsheet," "Boom Boom," and "Rocket" found itself following the "Flower," but as Pierre Larocque says, "He's as gentle as a flower, but plays like Superman." In Quebec, hockey is a religion, and Lafleur is the new god.

In the four years since the rebirth, there have been times when Lafleur has found himself in his office in Pointe-

Asking captain Jean Béliveau and injured Phil Esposito over his poor play, Lafleur won with the MVP for the new king.



Claire looking at the tiny skates with the red laces that now keep the door open, the same skates he began on, and peering over the two massive albums, one a foot thick, that are offered to his glory. "It is like a dream to me," he says at these times. "Even now it is like a dream."

There have, however, been darker sides that are not posted in any album but linger anyway. And this has led him to wonder rather than gloat. In April of 1976, the Montreal police were investigating the holdup of a Beinks truck when they stumbled on a plot to kidnap Lafleur before the playoffs began and hold him for a ransom of \$250,000 ransom. He will never forget what it was like when Jean Béliveau told him:

"I was at home and the phone rang," Lafleur recalls, the memory sending his fingers searching for cigarettes. "It was Jean and he said he wanted to see me. I said okay, tomorrow. He said no, right now, and he'd come over because we couldn't talk about it over the phone. I hung up and my wife said 'What was that?' I didn't know what to say—I thought I'd been invaded. Then Jean arrived with two big guys and they're cops and they tell me I have two choices. I can go to Miami and the club would pay for it and make excuses for me, or I can stay. I said I just wanted to play hockey."

For a full month Lafleur lived in sight of two detectives. His wife, Lise, and eight-month-old son Martin stayed for a while in a hotel and then with her parents in Quebec City. The Lafleurs had a home in the country at that time—a renovated 180-year-old farmhouse at the end of a long, dark drive, and his nerves, never reliable, erupted. A squirrel would drumroll across the roof and Lafleur would scramble for cover. Night after night, he couldn't sleep and once kept shaking by the window as a large black car pulled past way up the driveway and sat idling. All he could make out were the glows of four cigarettes, rising, burning brightly, then falling after a sinister hour the car left, but the reality of the threat stayed. Lafleur's play disintegrated and when the fans and press squeezed him for answers he had to fight to keep it from pouring out.

The very next year he made up for that small lapse by winning the Conn Smythe Trophy as the most valuable player during the playoffs. But there was a new threat to deal with. One of the Boston Bruins players, John Wenick, whose hockey talent is to Lafleur's what punk rock is to Boston, was greatly aroused. "If I get on the ice, Lafleur will not come out alive," Lafleur scoffed, of course. Wenick, who has trouble catching his own wind, had to make do with Lafleur's as the Canadians star

New Benson & Hedges Lights King Size

Benson & Hedges Lights give you the satisfying mildness and flavour that can only come from quality. Quality that's been a Benson & Hedges tradition since 1895.



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling. Av. per cigarette: King Size: 12 mg "tar", 1.0 mg nicotine.

Great Wines from Italy

Chiarli

LAMBRUSCO CASTELVETRO

A pioneering semi-sweet crackling red table wine with a special quality no other wine in the world equals in its dry. Outstanding with meat foods.

TERBIAN

A delicious semi-sweet white crackling wine with a delightful bouquet.



Canadian Agent: Savento Schmitt Agencies Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

slowly and led his team to its record 20th Stanley Cup. But the incident had its effect on Lafleur. "It's supposed to be a sport," he says of his beloved game, "not hockey."

It is such things as this that cause Lafleur to measure just what it is all worth. Seen a simple vacation with his family next now he spent in the south of France, as badly have the adoring fans cringed he presides in Canada. He turned up at a charity baseball game the summer but was forced to give up in the third inning when the worshipping fans insisted on running out and playing the field with him. He is now paid—thanks to the team negotiating his 10-year contract—approximately \$300,000 a year, a sum that is most only until it is recognized that Lafleur's salary would not place him in the top 20 of professional hockey. His present contract depends him to the point where he refers to it as an "iron collar" and is currently pressing the Canadiens for yet another renegotiation.

There are times when he rises in the dead of night and goes into his son Marc's room and crawls in under the boy. Marc is only three and though he has seen first-hand what it means to be Guy Lafleur—the famous attacks at shopping stalls, the crowds that wait in the streets—he has already answered to his father that he, too, will be a great hockey player one day. Lafleur, who saw his own youth punctuated by fame, is content. "I tell him to sit down and relax," he says. "I know he'd have even more pressure on him than I had. And that's all." Well, he shrugs and can say no more.

Little wonder, then, that the hair to Jean Lafleur has thought of adorning one day he knows what people like him think about him. "He has got to prove he is the best in the world"—and the mysterious European offer of this past summer has more attractions than its two-five value (possibly \$400,000 a year). The free-ranging style of international hockey in which Lafleur's intense grace on skates would be best served, and playing a short 30-minute schedule for one of those countries—Swiss, West Germany, Czechoslovakia and Lafleur isn't sure—would leave him both time and place for escape.

"I still haven't said no," he says, the clipped teeth adding mischief to the statement (unwillingly to throw a name into his present employers). "The offer comes too late for this year, but maybe next year." Lafleur looks out from the comforting shadows of the restaurant and sees those who shortly will be striking him as he works his way back to the Forum. "The other thing," he says as he pushes back his chair, "you have to live sometime."

Press

What the French don't know about Paris

Murray Stein, co-founder of Paris' fledgling English-language feature tabloid, places tongue firmly in cheek and quips: "Hemingway's novels would have done for the service aspect but they didn't have enough style." Paris avoided the Metro, first "city magazine" ever in the city of 13,000 restaurants, over 300 cinemas and uncountable cabarets. Two years after hitting the streets it has become indispensable. The Metro's free-wheeling independence and penchant for taking jobs at the fastidious French security have been as much of a shock as the flowering of McDonald's shiny Big Mac restaurants in centuries-old Paris quarters. The breezily tabloid's sta-



busively North American style was completely reversed. Readable service features as the best bars, cabarets, cooking schools and the like prompted one seasoned French daily to demand: "Where did you ever get ideas like that?"

New York—where founders Stein and Thomas Moore both worked for New

Times, the liberal upstart among US newspapers. French papers celebrated at the American's wide-eyed fascination with the minutiae aspects of Parisian life when the first 36-page issue appeared in June, 1975. Now up to 36 pages, a staff of 17 (all editorial people are American) and a total investment of \$300,000, circulation peaks at a healthy

St. Pete

7 out of 10 persons who read for their travel guide end up vacationing here.

Could it be the beautiful white sand beaches? Or the beautiful 361 days of sun year-round? Or the special golf, tennis, fishing, and dining in a different language every night? Or the sun-drenched life? Or the fact that a short drive to Disney World by car or convenient daily bus links?

Free
All page color travel guide complete with seasonal rates.

City of St. Pete • 1100 N. Barron
P.O. Box 2642 Dept. 14/142
St. Petersburg, FL 33731

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Province _____
Country _____
Interested in (check) _____
Beaches _____ Business _____

"Diabetes is your business, too."



GIVE TO
The Canadian
Diabetic Association
1111 Yonge Street, Toronto,
Ontario M4T 1Z5

Good mornings from CKFH/1430.



Howard Cooney
8am & 9am News.



"The John Gilbert Show"
Sun-Thurs daily.

No small feat.

Another amazing triumph
of modern science:
woolblended socks
that machine wash and
machine dry without
shrinkage, matting or felting.

Supernash Wool
In socks by
Byford



The Western Mail is a registered trademark of Byford of the South Pacific Ltd. and is used under license by the manufacturer of Byford wool.

WIDE AREA PAGING

will help keep you in
touch with your outside
people throughout

**SOUTHERN
ONTARIO**



Most paging systems serve a
single community. The ex-
panded Maclean-Hunter
Paging Network serves com-
munities from Windsor to
Oshawa. Wider coverage
makes paging more useful to

more business people. Con-
tact us to learn more. We will
arrange a demonstration that
will show you how pocket
paging will
save you time
and money.



**MACLEAN-HUNTER
COMMUNICATIONS LTD.**

11 Greenboro Drive, Rexdale, Ontario M9W 1C7 Tel: (416) 249-4455

35,000 in tourist season. A surprising 40 per cent of the readership in French. As publisher Joel Stratta-Mallone points out, "A city magazine is at foreign here in local radio," and that's non-existent. Paris firms are slowly discovering the Metro but it is still losing about \$4,000 an issue.



"Metro" staff meeting, with co-founder Shail (right) and editor Unger (background). Where did you ever get ideas like that?

The paper poles readers' feet at the French—their govt. criticism, archaic public toilets, restaurant misadventures, head-on-the-chisel. Cartman thinking. But the staff is certain their French readers don't mind. Assistant editor Craig Unger "We are the one opportunity for Parisians to laugh at themselves." He and his crew have also given the confident French press a needed shot in the arm by reporting North American investigative reporting to a country where media critics speculate Watergate would have been forgotten in three days. Historical political affiliations, high unemployment among journalists, government subsidies on newspaper and close-mouthed officials have conspired to keep the French press safely out of the watchdog role assumed by North American papers.

Not so the aptly named Americans who run Metro. They've probed touchy subjects other papers have taken pains to ignore, such as French anti-Semitism, and government secret police. And for a vivid flashback last spring of the Paris student riots of May '68 they tracked down the aging rebels themselves, while the Paris dailies were content to rewrite their own lackluster. The press is particularly afraid from Metro's harsh editor Le Monde was harpooned, the English language Tribune enquired "How a twelfth-century newspaper lost its manager", and the entire journalistic profession lambasted ("Melrose in the French press") for dropping an unflattering portrait when the official information sources suddenly dried up.

Although some French newspapers commended Metro for its exposé, they have yet to become infected with the zeal. If France should have its own Watergate, Parisians know what paper they'll buy to read all about it.

Leslie Deane

Law

High schoolers at law

Compared with their '60s counterparts, '70s teenagers are bored and apathetic and wouldn't care less about changing the world. Right? Not according to four young Toronto law students who've designed a unique new method of teaching young people about the laws they live under. Karen Cohl, Karl Delbert, Melissa Marker and Susan Unger think their project—night textbooks that manage to make even boring interesting—has the potential to achieve what sit-ins and student demonstrations a decade ago failed to do: create an informed, involved society. Or, in the rhetoric of that time, "put the system into the hands of the people." Sheila Gracey, who teaches at Bloor Collegiate in Toronto, says her Grade 11

students are so turned on by the new approach that they're refusing to leave the classroom when the bell rings, buying the books with their own money—generally turning themselves into streetwise lawyers. "In 37 years of teaching," says Marjorie Povey of Milton, Ontario, "I've never come across anything that whets their interest in law like this." And if the initial explosion of interest among Ontario high-school students continues, the optimism of Cohl, Delbert, Marker and

Unger may prove to be justified.

The project was the brainchild of Ossego law professor and author Daniel Bloor. "I knew that many teachers were dissatisfied with the law texts in current use—they found them dull, unexciting, expensive and out-of-date. And to the students they seemed impenetrable and irrelevant." Bloor, who has written 10 books himself, based his making law understandable, says, "I've always been interested in sensitizing young people to the nature of govern-

So you ask for Russian Vodka and somebody pours you domestic vodka with a Russian name.

You pour Scotch Scotch. And Brandy Brandy. And French Cognac. Now, you ask for a Russian Vodka and what happens? You get a domestic with a Russian name, that's what.

Isn't it surprising how many people don't know that Moskovskaya and Stolichnaya are the only two genuine Russian Vodkas sold in Canada?



MOSKOVSKAYA
Produced in USSR by Moskovskaya S.S.R.

The only two genuine Russian Vodkas sold in Canada.



Bloor and his law-student authors—from the left Karen Cohl, Karl Delbert, Susan Unger and Melissa Marker—mean to see their work where the student, sit-ins, strikes and riots of yesterday failed.

ment." First, he assembled a team of volunteers to try to work out a new approach. "What we did was great," says Baum, "but the first six books we tried just didn't reach the kids. The project didn't take off until the law students got involved about a year ago."

The four signed on as student advisors but ended up taking over the project. They revamped the concept, rewrote the originals in contemporary vocabulary and invented new teaching methods as they went along. "The re-

vised input was so valuable," says Berger, "that we're still students ourselves. Sure, we've acquired more legal skills by now, but we haven't lost the perspective to know what high-school kids need."

Their working methods were as novel as the product they ultimately produced. Parents, teenage attorneys and teenage siblings were pressed into service as sounding boards "because we wanted to make absolutely sure everything we said could be understood." The

fruit of their efforts was a series of attractive and what they call "non-intimidating" large-format booklets (conveniently three-hole punched). Under the overall title *In the Public Interest* they cover consumer law, criminal law, family law, labor law, sexuality and the law, tort law, and student rights and responsibilities, as well as an introduction to law. "Look, this isn't a lot of abstract stuff," says Dugert. "The law affects everything you do, so you better learn about it." To illustrate the point, newspaper clippings of interesting cases—burglars, accidents, law suits—are included. The text then discusses the legal and moral issues and asks readers to decide for themselves what the legal disposition of cases should have been before consulting the judge's actual decision. Emphasis is placed on the principles and creation of law and the series is strewn with role-playing exercises the writers say are designed to give students a sense of control and access to the law.

The series has been in use in about 60 Ontario high schools since September and has been submitted to the ministry of education for inclusion in the official list of approved school material—which schools themselves pay for. (Baum says he will retire teachers' dues next year with shopping bags full of crumpled dollars collected from students who want to study the series.) The books are also available to appear in public libraries and university bookstores and are under consideration at several community colleges. And at least one educational institute—the Guelph Correctional Centre, whose principal, Herbert C. Griffin, is enthusiastic about their potential effect on prisoners. "Ignorance of the law is no defense," he says, "yet most people are diplomatically unaware of their rights and responsibilities."

If the series is successful in Ontario, Baum hopes to adapt it for other provinces and has already begun work on a French version for Quebec. She and her student authors are also looking at ways to expand the series—with the addition of topics such as native rights and environmental law—and possibly even adapting it to wilderness farms for the *functional illiterate*.

Meanwhile, stories are starting to trickle in about students putting their new knowledge to practical use. One high-school student who received a ticket for failing to obey a stop sign decided to do some research rather than automatically plead guilty. When he discovered that the sign in question did not exactly conform to the traffic act, he succeeded in getting his case tossed out of court.

Terry Poulton

WHY SO MANY PEOPLE THINK VOLVO IS THE BEST CAR THEY'VE EVER OWNED.

In a survey, conducted by Rogers National Research, Inc., a national sampling of car owners were asked: "Would you consider your new 1977 car the best car you have ever owned?"

The responses were very revealing. More Volvo owners answered "yes" than the owners of Centurys, Cutlasses, Apgens, Thunderbirds and 50 other domestic makes from G.M., Ford, Chrysler and AMC.*

The reason for this is something you have to drive a Volvo to understand. Only then can you appreciate the feeling of a car that has been fit together instead of slapped together.

Or the incredible comfort that comes not just

from Volvo's interior roominess, but from Volvo's superior seats. They were orthopedically designed, and adjust in nine different ways, including from "firm" to "soft" against the small of your back.

When you drive a Volvo, you'll also notice a remarkable level of performance, and a feeling of safety that seems to be missing from other cars.

So if you're looking at new cars, one car that should definitely be on your list is Volvo.

After all, you've probably owned a few cars in your life that you thought were the worst. Now try one that could be the best.

VOLVO IN THE UNITED STATES, ALL VOLVO CARS MEET OR EXCEED ALL U.S. SAFETY STANDARDS. VOLVO CARS ARE DESIGNED TO PROTECT YOU AND YOUR PASSENGERS. VOLVO CARS ARE THE ONLY CARS THAT CAN BE DRIVEN IN THE U.S. WITHOUT A SPECIAL PERMIT.



VOLVO. A CAR YOU CAN BELIEVE IN.



Any sheepskin coat should warm your body. Morlands extra care will warm your heart.

- Perfectly matched skirts protect the precious soft look of sheepskin. Minicuts are made to let 30 wools, so they should start not looking their best.
- Tuned by British masters of the craft. Soft, smooth, amazingly soft.
- Laugh in the rain. It may make some sneeze, but never your Morlands.
- Durable. Pockets and linings are strengthened, some double-stitched. Reinforced seams help to prevent curling.
- Versity. Perhaps the world's largest range of styles and colors.
- Change. Masterchange, American Express.
- Wash or phone for free catalogue.

Morlands

YORKSHIRE 1564 Bridge St. (Duke Court) 2nd floor
Dorset 210 South St. 1st floor
Bathington Village Square, G27 Post Office

Waifs of the golden ghetto

Inherited wealth is a big handicap to happiness. It is a serious death sentence as someone is mourning.
— William Vanderbilt, 1902

They are the kind of people who can afford to cultivate yoo-hang-tai and a taste for Chinese Mosier Rothchild. They play aggressive games of squash at private resort clubs, they run horses, yachts, or whatever is the current fashion. Prospering in no investment in the family dynasty. Children are carefully reared and reared like blue-chip stocks: proper British manners, the right private schools, the right private camps. Slowly they are led into the family business.

They perpetuate the myth of wealth as a utopia and the public does not regret that dream. But for some children of the rich, life in a golden ghetto is no dream. "The poor rich," Chicago analyst Roy Grinker Jr., calls them, chronicling their plight in the August issue of the *American Journal of Psychiatry*. Following in the footsteps of Freud, who based much of his theory on upper-middle-class or aristocratic patients, Grinker sets his thesis: "With the majority of these patients, the source of the problem is not money but the parental relationship. These are deprived children; they have no valuing, interested parents. What the family has poured in money it has lost in feeling." While their parents pursue active social lives and careers, true to cliché, the children are left in the servants. With few clear role models, children of the super-rich experience inconsistent discipline and, according to Grinker, become perfect narcissists: self-centered and shallow "emotional somatics."

Most psychiatrists are applied at a public discussion of the misfortune of the gentry—wealthy clients guard their private lives as closely as their trust funds. Since even the "poor little rich kid" syndrome as stereotype and accurate. But those willing to set the problems of the Golden's misfortune to be dead accurate. "Being born super-rich is really a sad fate," confides a Toronto psychiatrist who had two exceptionally affluent patients commit



ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL TULLOCH

suicide. "Most of the families produce a succession of daughters." Based in a gilt-edged goldfish bowl, these children, he adds, "don't have the normal controls on behavior that a lack of money or prestige imposes on the rest of us."

In many cases, the children have absent fathers—aggressive businessmen who impose high expectations on their young—but are guided by the few they still "never be as good as daddy." Mothers—often played into the world of patrician charities and causes—are sometimes alcoholic or depressed. One son of an Alberta construction magnate defied to drag and

spent several years feasting in and out of psychiatric hospitals, private schools and, ultimately, jail—until he beat up his father and was estranged by the family. "These are people without true depth," explains British-trained analyst James Dowie of Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry. "These are people busy adorning for each other. The child is left at home, showered with gifts." Scarcely enough, Grinker contends that the super-rich family portrait resembles that of the poor. "These kids really suffer like kids from any broken family in the inner city," points out one therapist. "They just don't get

the parenting they need."

But money can buy anonymity. Unlike the poor, delinquency, personality disorders or family problems in the rich are rarely associated, leading credence to the sociologist's misconception that wealth means mental health. In one case, the son of an industrial Toronto executive—who eventually followed his father into the family business—was protected from prosecution for acts of vandalism in wealthy Forest Hill. "When the kid is disturbed," notes a child psychiatrist, "instead of getting help, the parents cover up for him, which leaves the kid feeling he has immunity from the normal law." When the child's difficulties become acute, parents (according to one rich mother who sent her own child on the route) turn to private schools like Ontario's Pickering College, not solely for proper tutelage but for discipline. If school doesn't work, they shop around for high-class analysts. Ultimately, parents turn to private clinics south of the border that cater to a blue-blood clientele, the Institute of Living in Hartford, Connecticut, has treated many Canadians at rates in the vicinity of \$10 a day. "The super-rich seek expert solutions," says Chicago psychiatrist Seth Littman. "But there are no super-solutions. The best solutions are simple ones."

Therapists take great pains to emphasize that not all children of the super-rich are troubled. Grinker, for instance, says the Rockefeller are one of the many families that contradict his general theory. Nevertheless, psychiatrists do recognize the struggle for self-esteem and a separate identity that all wealthy children share. And, among the elite themselves, there are well-known lines between old and new money: these raised in affluence and those who struggled for it. The late Angus Corporation chairman Bud McDonald regarded the sons of the rich as different. His successor, the youthful Conrad Black, who inherited his father George's wealth and influence, told a *Globe and Mail* columnist recently: "Most of the money I have, I made myself. The fact that I went out and made it rather than waiting for an inheritance is some evidence that I am not just a rich man's son playing with companies." In *The Canadianist* (McGraw-Hill), Peter C. Newman recounts the "unspooled" Charles Bronfman's early first of his father Samuel and his ultimate "liberation" through purchasing the Montreal Expos in 1988. "Eventually what you've got to try and do," says Bronfman, the president of the world's largest distillers, Seagram's, "is become a person in your own right, for substantial purpose..."

John Korzenik

Schenley O.F.C.
the only 8-Year Old that's guaranteed right on the back of the bottle.

Canadian law requires distillers to place a stamp on their whisky bottles showing the year the whisky was distilled.
With Schenley O.F.C. we go a lot further. We certify that our whisky has been aged in charred white oak casks, for a full 8 years. We believe 8 years is a perfect aging time for whisky. When it reaches its prime for a smooth, mellow taste.

Schenley O.F.C. the 8-year old that's guaranteed.

CANADIAN SCHENLEY DISTILLERS LIMITED

Don't laugh at the 'Jumping Wabeen'

It's a hoary question: which has most influence—heredity or environment? Over several generations, fruit flies, for instance, will produce a wide variety of offspring through the genetic effects of crossbreeding and mutation, even though all have been raised in the same laboratory-controlled habitat. But now a new and devil little fishy creature is making possible inquiries of the reverse sort. How can changes in environment affect the development of a species for which genetic change is impossible and which fares out only exact duplication of itself—in other words, clones? Rarer, swimming, the "Revlon marmaratus"—sleekly, dirty gray, translucent—on an inch-long, minnow-like silhouette that may be the new darling of genetics club.

Revlon is a self-fertilizing hermaphrodite, out of nature's closet, and residing separately is a hundred pairs stacked on shelves in a walk-in incubator at the University of Minnesota's biology department. It is the highest life-form of clone, spawning perfect replicas of itself without need of the wily reality of contact with others of its species. A native of Vero Beach, Florida, it is flourishing in the far harsher environs of Winnipeg, a city known to have worked unspeakable hardships on the most robust graminas. But, the marmaratus in captivity is the unchallenged champion of our tiny planet, so feared and prodigious that it fertilizes with the indelible ease of a yawn, producing an egg a day if it feels like it.

Discovered as an ichthyologist 20 years ago where it shared Vero Beach's tidal flats with greying legions of roving Carcharias, the freak fish came to headhatch the "Jumping Wabeen" television hatchling from a clone relative. The mar-

moratus is now largely in the thrall of University of Manitoba biologist Dr. C. C. "Doc" Lindsey. Lindsey acquired his year monopoly of marmaratus three years ago when 25 eggs, wrapped in damp fibre and stuffed into a test tube, arrived by regular mail from Vero Beach.

"Five years before, I'd worked with Dr. Robert Harrington, the man who discovered the fish, and we'd published a paper together on it. When he died, I was sent his remaining specimens and here in Winnipeg we've built the population up to several hundred."

Lindsey has found that by incubating the fish eggs at different temperatures, the hatchling-out fish may have spent with as few as 32 vertebrae or as many as 36. The same happens with other fish but the change isn't nearly so dramatic. Being genetically unchanged for hundreds of generations, Lindsey suspects, they aren't so adaptable and are harder hit by environmental shifts. One possible dividend: hot climates may make good test animals for sub-lethal levels of mercury and other pollutants in lake water—just as cancers warn of dangerous gas levels in mine. Yet the poet's punch is that one of their real values will be in behavioral research.

In their murky, open-air test water filled jars, feeding perfectly on minuscule brine shrimp, the "Jumping Wabeen" appear distinctly promise. But that's external. Internally, all hell is perpetually loosed. Clearly, despite its almost sexual proclivities, the marmaratus has no problem respecting itself in the morning. It does, in fact, love itself. Perhaps at four months, the marmaratus, as biological hermaphrodite,



Doc Lindsey in his Winnipeg lab: *Revlon* save miners, don't they?

has both female and male reproductive organs. In cloning itself, the clones produce an unfertilized egg, the testes secrete sperm. Boy meets girl and a fertile egg is extruded. Within two weeks, a clone is born.

The marmaratus does, however, pay a fairly heavy price for its autosexual proclivities. Because it replicates rather than evolves, it is constantly imported in its wild state. In the tidal pools and saltwater marshes of Vero Beach, where it deviated from heterosexual forbears some ago, it is in sorry decline, unable to adapt to its changing habitat. Another difficulty is that it undergoes a sex change in old age, which began after two years. The marmaratus over-uses strongly and it becomes entirely male and, thus, entirely irrelevant, snuffing about in its jar incapable of even the occasional distraction of sexual activity. What this all suggests, no one, not even Lindsey, can speculate. What can you say about an involuntary sex-changing clone that prefers Wisconsin to Vero Beach? Ted Allen

The rare cloning Wabeen from Florida to Manitoba in a test tube full of love



The Keg serves good times!

From Victoria to Ottawa, The Keg Experience is happening tonight and every night, and we guarantee this Experience can happen to you in four special ways

A great value

The best beef money can buy, King Crab from Alaska, tender Lobster, and a crunchysided bar. But more! Appetizers at half what you'd expect to pay, wines at reasonable prices, and our drink prices at old-fashioned levels. Great quality at reasonable prices, and no rip-offs.

Atmosphere that makes you feel at home

The surroundings, the friendly staff, the casual way you dress, the way we serve you, makes your Keg dinner a total dining experience every night of the week.

Consistency you can expect

You KNOW what you're getting at The Keg and we deliver it time and time again. That's why most of our customers are regular, they come back because they know that we deliver what we promise.

It all sums up to a good time

The Keg, where you can be yourself or be part of the total happening, where you can let loose and enjoy yourself. There are few constraints at The Keg and we like to feel that it is like having a dinner party in your own home. And if you don't have a good time, and if it's anything less than you expect it to be, we'd like to hear about it and make it right.



The American Express Card is welcome at all Kegs.

If a
Scotsman
swallows
his pride...



it's Bell's.

The largest
selling whisky
in Scotland.

Theatre

All of the culture that money can buy

Teen: One night last May, director John Wood headed for the wings of the National Arts Centre theatre to catch a few hours of his musical, *William Shakespeare and Arthur Who?* "John who?" demanded an official who, persistently barring his way, but Wood was not ready to believe that he would be recognized, even after a year at the centre. Hadn't a security guard already

the NAC mandate are hopelessly vague: "To operate and maintain the centre, is devoting the performing arts in the National Capital Region and to assist the Canada Council in the development of the performing arts elsewhere in Canada." The NAC does the following: it produces theatre and opera (and has even staged ballet), tours performing companies across Canada, showcases visiting



The centre (above) and MacInnes (right): it's not just the poor players who strut and fret their heads upon the stage

refused to allow him into one of his own rehearsals?

Now: Ted Donahue, the shy dancer and variety administrator, books sets from around the world by telephone only. The reason? Fear of flying. The consequence? An annual round of safe manuals, dental visits, and Englebert Humperdink.

Now: The theatre department boasts three directors, one each for English and French theatre, plus Jean Guzman, director of theatre. The triumvirate were told to work out their relationship by and for themselves. They still haven't. "I don't know whether I am a promoter, producer or artistic director," admits Guzman.

The list of shenanigans that plagues the NAC continues depressingly, indicating that, after nine years, it has failed to fulfil the promise of its unique physical plant. Defining that promise is another matter. The terms of



production, rents out its facilities, culture and parks cars—all in the two official languages.

The NAC has always seemed a jealous god demanding artistic directors as live sacrifices. It has proven insensitive to the political and economic temper of the times: its annual operating budget is \$15 million—and over half that comes in the form of a direct grant from the

Meet friends who will assure your hotel reservations.



Meet your friends in New Orleans.
Because you've made your reservations
with the American Express® Card,
they'll assure your room is waiting
if your flight is delayed.

When you make your hotel reservations with the American Express Card at most leading hotels in Canada and the United States and ask that your confirmed reservation be come an "Assured Reservation," it means that you won't find yourself without a room.

If the hotel cannot honour your reservations it's up to them to find you a comparable room at another hotel and pay for the night's lodging.

Meet friends who'll cash a personal cheque for you
even after banking hours.

The American Express Card guarantees your personal cheque for up to \$50 at thousands of participating hotels and motels in North America and Western Europe 24 hours a day when you are a registered guest.

Remember, the American Express Card and its related services have been created to give assistance to the Cardmember when travelling or entertaining—for business or pleasure. The Card is respected and welcomed in fine hotels, restaurants and stores around the world.

If you are not already taking advantage of these and other services of the American Express Card, pick up an application wherever the Card is honoured. Or write P.O. Box 5206, Agincourt P.O., Scarborough, Ontario M1S 4B7.

© 1988 American Express Company. All rights reserved. American Express is a registered trademark of American Express Company.



The American Express Card.
Don't leave home without it.™

AMERICAN
EXPRESS

American Express, 1978



Opening night in 1969: starting to balance the art of politics and the politics of art

secretary of state, making this Crown corporation particularly vulnerable to political pressure. The latest and largest example: Secretary of State Jean Robert's announcement that the NAC would receive an extra \$1.1 million—swelling the annual federal subsidy to \$10.8 million—expressly to develop a resident bilingual theatre company which would tour the country this winter under the banner of national unity. Donald MacGween, director-general of the NAC since April 1977, explains: "If there was any message after the November election in Quebec in 1970, it was that culture has political effects. Look at Pauline Julien."

Wrote to the point, look at Donald MacGween. A labor lawyer by profession, his prior theatrical credentials are 15 months of touring in the McGill University production of *My Poor Lady* in the late 50s and four years (1973-77) as head of the National Theatre School in Montreal. The fact that these do not constitute an impressive curriculum vitae is the eyes of the theatre community at large might explain MacGween's extreme defensiveness to public, and his painful sensitivity to criticism. But MacGween, 52, has never claimed to be anything other than an amateur—to the embarrassment of the professionals who work for him. His modesty in referring to some NAC productions as "hobby" or "national television was not calculated to build esteem in the NAC ranks, neither was the welcome he extended last spring to the crowd assembled near the Réseau Canal to see a prenovelation event as he nervously assured everybody that the governmental gimmick hadn't cost the NAC a penny.

MacGween's greatest blunder was accepting Robert's extra million, strings and all, at a time when over 130 professional theatres in Canada are desperate for funding. Stratford's Robin Phillips bluntly labelled the grant "compensation money." Even John Wood op-

posed the touring mandate, arguing for more time to assemble the company and assemble its local audience. "It's on a roll. Before long, the million-dollar feather in MacGween's cap had turned into a bomb.

Organic growth has never ceased for such with NAC brass, even the far-sighted men who served as director-general for nine years, G. Hamilton Southern. The worldly and responsible owner of one of Ottawa's most prominent homes, Southern envisioned a La Scala on the banks of the Ottawa complete with grand opera boxes where elegant suppers could be served during intermission. With an eye to international prestige, he encouraged the NAC Orchestra and the opera festival while allowing Jean Robert's theatre plans (he was artistic director of theatre from 1961 to 1977) to languish. "I'm not kidding," Southern grided himself on running the NAC with paranoia and protest (and the constitution paid the price). "In many ways," comments Hugh Davidson, formerly with the department of music, "Hamilton Southern did the NAC a disservice. He ran the place like an embassy. We were all diplomats and he was our ambassador."

Under Southern's regime, the NAC began to build with bureaucrats. The need to keep records in the governmental way means that a flotilla of accountants are kept busy adjusting the performing year (which ends in June) to the government fiscal year. Bruce Corder, deputy director general, sums up: "We built up a surplus in the early days during our growth period which lulled us into a sense of security. We went ahead to expand the opera festival too fast and overreached ourselves in 1973 (when a ballet company was assembled just for the festival, with disastrous results). Suddenly we were on a slippery slope—and one of the answers was to juice up the administration. It became very hurried and heavy."

Not to mention theatres and personnel. The NAC's four departments—the-

To reserve your Avis car.

ONTARIO & QUÉBEC

All cities, toll-free 1-800-281-2108

NEWFOUNDLAND

St. John's, toll-free 309-732-6630

Cornerbrook, toll-free 309-634-0301

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Charlottetown, toll-free 502-892-1006

NOVA SCOTIA

Halifax, toll-free 902-423-6101

Sydney, toll-free 902-564-8265

Yarmouth, toll-free 902-742-3323

Truro, toll-free 902-895-4463

Stellarton, toll-free 902-752-1925

NEW BRUNSWICK

Saint John, toll-free 506-652-5778

Fredericton, toll-free 506-757-2441

Moncton, toll-free 506-855-3382

MANITOBA

Winnipeg, toll-free 204-775-6981

Brandon, toll-free 204-727-6514

The Pas, toll-free 204-423-6405

SASKATCHEWAN

Regina, toll-free 306-527-1453

Saskatoon, toll-free 306-452-3434

Estevan, toll-free 306-436-3648

Weyburn, toll-free 306-842-1808

Prince Albert, toll-free 306-364-8418

Regina, toll-free 306-527-1453

ALBERTA

Calgary, toll-free 403-269-4166

Edmonton, toll-free 403-438-6670

Fort Herby, toll-free 403-328-1340

Red Deer, toll-free 403-343-5995

Medicine Hat, toll-free 403-523-0878

Fort McMurray, toll-free 403-743-2966

Jasper, toll-free 403-852-1970

Grand Prairie, toll-free 403-532-4436

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Vancouver, toll-free 604-682-5621

Victoria, toll-free 604-366-8408

Courtenay, toll-free 604-336-5426

Duncan Creek, toll-free 604-782-4851

Campbell River, toll-free 604-296-4445

Kamloops, toll-free 604-734-5111

Kelowna, toll-free 604-860-1248

Penticton, toll-free 604-942-8728

Prince George, toll-free 604-562-1388

Nanaimo, toll-free 604-840-2237

Terrace, toll-free 604-478-3606

YUKON AND NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

Hay River, toll-free 403-874-1571

Inuvik, toll-free 403-668-2136

Whitehorse, toll-free 403-668-2136

Our new fall line.

This September Avis is boosting up with a magnificent collection of fine General Motors cars and trucks.

Chevette and Acadia, Monte Carlo, Regal and Cutlass, elegant Chevy Caprice and Pontiac Grand Prix and for those so inclined Cadillac Seville.

Now, by offering the world's most demanded automobiles, Avis is once again trying harder to give its customers what they want.

At Avis we've said "we try harder" for over a decade. It begins as a slogan but every day at every Avis location in Canada and around the world Avis people make sure it comes true for you.

Our cars are clean and reliable, our people fast, efficient and friendly, our rates attractive.

So this fall we're really handing you two lines. One, it's new. Our fleet of beautiful General Motors cars. The other is old and never changes. We try harder. We don't know another way.

AVIS

We try harder.



Avis features GM cars and trucks



We're almost as Canadian as you are.

Nine years before Canada even became a country New York Life began serving Canadians. And we've been serving them successfully ever since.

Take a look at these figures. By the end of 1977, our investments in Canada numbered 524 million dollars. During that year we managed to serve over 3 million Canadians and paid almost 25 million dollars to Canadian policyholders and beneficiaries.

Consider also that we're a mutual company.



Only our policyowners receive dividends. And dividends have been paid every one of our 120 years in Canada.

But numbers tell only half the story. The other half is people. We're very proud of our New York Life Agents. They're dependable, knowledgeable and an impressive number are Chartered Life Underwriters.

So consider us when you're considering life insurance. New York Life in Canada. We're not quite as Canadian as you are. But we're close.

Serving Canadians since 1858.

Vancouver (604) 685-7364 Edmonton (403) 429-6336 or 428-1033
 Calgary (403) 269-4365 Saskatoon (306) 659-1541 Winnipeg (204) 942-6332
 Toronto (416) 598-3331 or 598-3329 Ottawa (613) 238-1195
 Montreal (514) 844-3373 Quebec City (418) 529-0486 Halifax (902) 425-6000

or write: 443 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5G 1T9

aire, music, dance and variety, the opera festival (known as Festival Ottawa) are the four duchies whose borders are carefully guarded. "There's no competition outside the centre," says director of French theatre Jean Berthet, "it's all inside." Every artistic director must fight for his share of the budget against his opponents down the hall. Mastering in dark corners is common practice, shoring up a seat. Gilles Guéhen "People don't want to leave their dates open because they're afraid the shit will fall in."

The fact that artistic directors are surrounded by secretaries, administrators and translators with varying degrees of interest in the arts only frustrates them more. Inevitably, programming suffers. When the music department was offered the superb pianist Lazar Berman, who is aimed out of Russia every decade or so, former administrator Ken Murphy refused because he couldn't contact Berman.

Despite everything, however, the SAC has fostered some excellence. Marc Bernard's 40-piece orchestra being the obvious example. The festival's opera productions are also of international calibre and attendance is high. Yet even here there is evidence of terrible waste, a sign that Bernard's double role—conductor of the orchestra and festival artistic director—might be too much of a load to carry. Last summer's \$800,000 production of *The Magic Flute*, for example, received only three performances. This year's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, only three as well. Neither has been sold elsewhere (though the *Flute* acts were rented out to two opera companies). The festival doesn't run in repertory, making it inconvenient for visitors. Instead of developing the festival to peak potential, the SAC is rubbing its bleeding English theatre company to the Day of Quince, or Little Bear's Kiss, or...

The SAC's worst problem is that it serves many masters: the secretary of state, external affairs, the box-office, critics, constituents of all shades of belief. Something is clearly needed to prevent the mafia from demoralizing the people the SAC should in fact be serving—the artists. "A leading heart," is Guéhen's suggestion. To which may be added: a thinking head. The SAC should forsake touring for the sake of touring and try art for art's sake, with the option to tour productions as they merit touring and no funds become available. Meanwhile they might continue to showcase the best productions from across Canada. One thing is for sure: If the SAC doesn't get some fresh air, it won't be long before Ottawa has a new tourist attraction—a seven-acre monument to the fertility of forced art.

Adelle Freedman

No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's.

Teacher's is a truly outstanding Scotch... smooth and subtle. Neat—on the rocks—or with water...all you would expect from a great Scotch. Its high malt whisky content has long been appreciated by true Scotch-fanciers around the world.



Distilled and bottled by Wm. Teacher & Sons Ltd., Glasgow, Scotland.



CP Air has an Orient tour that's ah, so inviting.

**Orient Highlights, 23 days,
\$2,861 from Vancouver,
\$3,100 from Toronto.**

Ah, yes.

A priceless tour of the Far East that's worth every penny.

Because you stay in specially selected deluxe and first class hotels. Enjoy a number of exceptional dining experiences. And have the benefit of an English-speaking escort throughout the trip.

The itinerary includes 3 unforgettable days in Tokyo. A thrilling 130 m.p.h. Bullet Train ride to Kyoto. Lunch on top of Victoria Peak overlooking Hong Kong Harbour. The Floating Markets of Bangkok. 3 days in

Singapore. Manila's "Fiesta Filipina". And a sunny stop in Hawaii on the way home.

For details and a full colour brochure, call your travel agent or CPAir.

Then come with us to the Orient. It's ah, so irresistible.

Prices are per person and subject to change. Airfare included, based on a minimum group of 10 assembled for you.

Double occupancy accommodation. Canadian transportation tax and Orient departure tax not included. Tour #IT&CPILM83.

**747 Orient express service,
4 times a week.**

Our big, beautiful 747s fly nonstop from Vancouver to Tokyo every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday.

We also offer you sameplane service on to Hong Kong, 3 times a week.

Fact is, when it comes to the Orient, we've got a lot going.

In cooperation with Japan Air Lines.

CP Air

"We're out to be your airline."

Throughout Canada, to Europe, Mexico, South America, California, Hawaii, Fiji, Australia and the Orient.

CP and  are registered trademarks of Canadian Pacific Limited

Medicine

Cooling out the great 'slipped disc' furore

For the medical profession, what happened may have become a pain in the neck, but it was also a measure of how many people have a pain in the back. In early September at the Second World Congress on Pain in Montreal an American neurosurgeon presented a paper describing what one newspaper headline heralded next day as "a new operation to cure slipped discs that." CBS television borrowed the four-minute film that illustrated the expert and ran a clip on the network news. It seemed as if most of the millions of North Americans with back trouble then started telephoning their doctors asking about what they interpreted as a new wonder cure for a medical problem about as prevalent as the common cold. Yet few physicians (even among orthopedists and neurosurgeons) had even heard of the operation, so far being performed in only four centres in the United States and none in Canada. It may well be years before it becomes widely available—but public interest

has certainly been aroused.

The popular statistics are that every adult man expects at least once in his or her life to have disabling lower back pain. At the Montreal conference, it was stated that pain costs Americans more than \$68 billion a year and of that, lower back trouble and related pain cost \$15 billion. According to the Ontario Workers' Compensation Board, time-loss claims for back problems in that province alone last year amounted to more than \$90 million—and this involved only industrial accidents. Not that all back trouble can be blamed on a slipped disc—and what is called a slipped disc isn't.

Discs don't slip. They're doughnut-like pads of gristle and jelly that serve as shock absorbers between the vertebrae, and instead of slipping they rupture or herniate. This means gristle to move to the outer edge of the disc and, to mix an already painful metaphor, create a bulge on the rim. "Like a soft spot on a tire," according to Dr. Harold J. Gould, the man who presented the paper in Montreal and chief of neurosurgery at Jefferson Memorial Hospital in Alexandria, Virginia.

He's been doing the new operation—intended, like the conventional one, to relieve pressure on the nerve roots—for three years, and has established a success rate of 96 per cent among nearly 300 patients. For 15 years he had operated on discs using conventional surgery and wasn't happy with a success rate of 70 per cent—often cited as normal. Later Dr. Robert Williams, chief of neurosurgery at Sutter Hospital in Las Vegas, Nevada. The two met at a medical conference and when Dr. Gould expressed his dissatisfaction with the usual method, Dr. Williams invited him to visit Las Vegas. Dr. Gould did and spent six months studying a new operation devised by Dr. Williams.

In this procedure the surface of the disc is not



Some of the poorest people on earth want to enrich your life



The Third World is full of people who can better your life. As a Maryknoll Brother, you can share the love of God with them. You can share and nourish them. Teach them and above all else, love them as best themselves.

Whatever you like to do, you can discover here. Agriculture. Medicine. Education. Social Service and more. You name it, the Third World needs it.

Maryknoll Brothers care for people in 25 countries around the world. People who desperately need that care. They need understanding, a sense of their own personal worth and human dignity. But most of all, they need you.

Let us tell you more about the life of a Maryknoll Brother. For all the details send us the coupon below.

☐ Brother or Virginian
☐ Maryknoll Brothers
 80 West 10th Street, New York 10011

Name Age
 Address
 City
 State Postal Code
 Telephone

Maryknoll Brothers
 A member of the Society of the Sacred Mission
 25 West 10th Street, New York 10011



"Another case of 'Coconut Concussion' - Hope he's covered by the Blue Cross 'Health Plan While Outside Canada'!"

Go protected...

When you travel, you expect your trip to be pleasant and safe. But an accident or illness can happen anywhere, anytime. That's why Ontario Blue Cross developed a health plan for people who travel.

... outside Canada

This Blue Cross Plan is for families, businessmen, students - anyone who travels outside Canada for business or pleasure. If you become ill or have an accident while away, your provincial government health plan's basic coverage may not cover all the bills.

The Health Plan While Outside Canada offers up to \$10,000 per person in payments for such expenses as prescription drugs, ambulance service, private nursing and additional hospital and medical care charged beyond what your basic government coverage will pay.

Plan individuals or families from 7 to 240 days. Cost is 50 cents per day (single) or \$1.00 per day for an entire family. No age limit and no restriction due to previous medical history.

Go protected against unexpected and costly medical bills. Contact your nearest Ontario Blue Cross office. Ask about the

**Health Plan
While Outside Canada**

**ONTARIO
BLUE CROSS**
A DIVISION OF THE ONTARIO HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION

160 FERRAND DRIVE, DON MILLS, ONTARIO M3C 1H6

out with a knife. Instead, the hymen are parted with a blast-sound dissector to reach the crushed interior fibres that are causing the pressure, and the pain. These are carefully removed using microforceps just two millimetres wide - the entire operation being done under a microscope with microinstruments developed by Dr. Williams. Since the surface fibres have not been cut, they close over the hole again, Dr. Gould explains, reducing the likelihood of further rupture. He calls it a "minimal operation" that causes less trauma, virtually no loss of blood (none of his pa-



Dr. Gould: fine and gentle method

tients need a transfusion) and gets them out of hospital within 24 days, instead of what can be up to nine days with the conventional operation. The skin incision is only an inch wide, compared to as much as three in conventional surgery, and causes little pain, making narcotic drugs unnecessary in the post-operative period.

To back-pain sufferers who view any spinal operation with horror - and many do, despite their misery, because there is always the possibility that a damaged nerve root will produce paralysis of some sort of that in time a



There's one colour that always identifies fine Scotch.

EXTRA SPECIAL OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

seemed, and always more difficult, operation might be required—the definite procedure described by Dr. Gould understandably sounded like a goldmine.

But is it? Dr. Gould himself was taken aback by the rush of public interest in his report, responding to all inquiries with "a word of caution" and expressing alarm at the prospect of any doctor undertaking the new procedure without proper training. And one petite Canadian specialist in the field has put the new operation in better

perspective.

Dr. Hamilton Hall is a Toronto orthopedic surgeon who in 1974 founded the Toronto Back Education Unit to offer courses to people with back problems—a scheme since broadened to reach thousands of sufferers throughout Ontario. He describes the Williams and Gould operation as a "few, precise method for doing what it's intended to do—single, uncomplicated disc operations. But nerve-root pressure accounts for only five to 10 per cent of the back pain population and not all



Dr. Williams: minimally-invasive approach

nerve-root pressure is due to herniated discs."

The publicity about the new procedure, he says (we don't Dr. Gould), has been cut of all proportion to its real significance. "I have a comparable success rate with conventional surgery," Dr. Hall says, "and if a surgeon doesn't, it's because of bad surgical technique. And if he needs to have more blood run through the patient, he's not doing the operation nearly enough." He says the conventional method is "one of the most, most rewording operations to do. It's best and simple and terrible pain is relieved." His patients leave hospital in six to seven days and "so what if it takes a little more pain-killer? I doubt if I would learn the new procedure even if it were available. It's not worth my time [six months of study] just to get patients out a few days earlier."

Some surgeons are too quick, Hall says, to operate on backs. "Most back trouble—in fact the Sweden claim 99 per cent—can be dealt with through time and therapy." Asked why he has a higher success rate than some other doctors claim, he said, "The pecky about who I do I see 35 kinds of disc fuses. Do you really want me to answer honestly why too many people are operated on? Many I get \$25 to see a patient and talk to him about therapy, and to operate I get \$250."

Wayne Clark

Travel

Ulysses, Robinson Crusoe, Dr. Livingstone . . . and you

In 1841 a former Baptist missionary named Thomas Cook founded a travel firm devoted to satisfying the Victorian gentleman's desire to visit faraway places with strange-sounding names. In the process his name became synonymous with the grand tour in exotic lands, whether it be safaris in Africa in search of the sources of the Nile, or Sherekhed peaks through the Himalayas. Nearly a century and a half later—Wardair, Sunlight and Freddie Laker aside—Thomas Cook Travel Ltd., and several other smaller firms, once again are providing "adventurous" tours in an ever-expanding market of eager explorers. "The market for adventure tours has doubled in the last five years," says George Butterfield of the Toronto specialist travel firm of Butterfield and Robinson, "and it is an area that will continue to grow. People are beginning to tire of the traditional two weeks under a palm tree in Jamaica or Acapulco."

Travel agencies have generally been finding the pressure to search out and package more exotic remote spots to fulfill the romantic fantasies of tourists. Tokyo, once thought the perfect, unspoiled idyll, is now just a few hours by jet from Vancouver or Los Angeles and cluttered with luxury hotels. As a place to live out adventures it has given way to the jungles of New Guinea, and even to Canada's High Arctic. Says John Corneil of Thomas Cook Travel (Canada Ltd.), "Never before have people been so keen to extend their travel horizons. More and more travellers want to tour with a bit of a purpose."

In the interim between the heyday of Thomas Cook and the current rebirth of special-interest travel, the only relatives to tours available had been through preservation societies or ornithological groups—exclusive bird-watching or wilderness-hunting parties. Today, however, the themes of tours vary widely. They may be historical, archaeological, musical, sporting or gastronomic. One such tour offered this fall by British Airways and Air France in conjunction with Christie's, the famous London auction house, will include first-class air passage via Concorde, New York to Paris, Jewish commemorations at the Hotel de Crillon, chauffeur-driven limousines to Montecarlo, and tours of the famous châteaux of Tignes and La Roche conducted

by their owners, the Comte Alexandre de Les Salines and Baron Rothschild. Also included in the tour is wine-tasting seminars, a dinner to visit famous places with strange-sounding names. In the process his name became synonymous with the grand tour in exotic lands, whether it be safaris in Africa in search of the sources of the Nile, or Sherekhed peaks through the Himalayas. Nearly a century and a half later—Wardair, Sunlight and Freddie Laker aside—Thomas Cook Travel Ltd., and several other smaller firms, once again are providing "adventurous" tours in an ever-expanding market of eager explorers. "The market for adventure tours has doubled in the last five years," says George Butterfield of the Toronto specialist travel firm of Butterfield and Robinson, "and it is an area that will continue to grow. People are beginning to tire of the traditional two weeks under a palm tree in Jamaica or Acapulco."



Mayan temples and there you are with your machete, creeping out of the jungle

Christie's in London, and dinner hosted by the Duke of Wellington. Land cost, not including air fare, \$2,595. While more discerning travelers may consider such a tour both expensive and pretentious beyond the bounds of good taste, it has several characteristics common to all the new special-interest tours: a central theme (even a small group of only 30 places) were available,

and value for money (if it's good enough for the Duke of Wellington it ought to be okay with the rest of us).

But that kind of extravagant tour is really not typical of the special-interest tours we offer," says George Butterfield, whose firm organized last year's more "educational" Polaris Ulysses tour for the Art Gallery of Ontario—a three-week attempt to recreate Ulysses' 10-year voyage home. "The 200 or so of us on the boat came from Greece to North Africa to Sicily, a very comfortable way to get to places it might otherwise have been very difficult to reach," says one veteran of several Butterfield and Robinson tours. "Plus we had Ernie

Bradford on board—his book was the basis of the tour—and Harvard professor Robert Fitzgerald, who has done the most recent translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. We learned a lot."

Learning a lot seems to be the aim of the new traveller, perhaps another offshoot of the "me" generation's fascination with self-improvement. "Certainly, most people who take these tours are



Double Distilled The rye man's whisky.

Smooth, natural flavour is a 5-year old whisky. Real enjoyment for the man who's tough to please. Look for the distinctive DD.



They're going to change the way you both feel about condoms.

That's because Searle Condoms are designed to give both of you peace of mind for those special moments of closeness.

PRIME

Non-latex and non-lubricated
Searle Condoms are available in a variety of sizes and colors.

SEARLE



Lucayan Harbour & Lucayan Bay, Freeport

Vacays: tropical paradise, water everywhere. With a complete marina, world famous Underwater Kingdom, Searle, tennis and night-club doors to make Lucayan Bay.

For reservations call toll-free: 1-800-258-5455, Quebec and Ottawa, 1-800-258-5455, Toronto 416-406-4066

CP Hotels Inc.
2000-1000-1000-1000-1000



MOVING?

If you plan on moving—either out-of-town or to the apartment down the hall—it's important that you notify us 6 weeks in advance. By doing so, we can make sure that the remaining issues in your Maclean's subscription are delivered promptly to your new address.

We've even provided a handy moving notice for you to fill out. You can find it at the bottom of the Letters page.

looking for something out of the ordinary, beyond being "just a tourist," says Butterfield, who has managed to market overseas "whole continent" expeditions to Newfoundland and walking tours of Tibet to experience-languid Canadian wilderness. The age and affluence of the special-interest traveler also has something to do with the boom. In almost all cases, the tours are booked up by older couples or single persons who have travelled extensively, and far when the prospect of days on the beach and nights at the discotheque has lost its luster. "These travelers have seen most of the traditional sights and are looking for adventure," says Thomas Cook's John Cornish, "providing it's not too dangerous." This winter Butterfield's agency is offering what may be the ultimate tour-of-adventure, a 1000 Shipwreck Holiday for one week, anywhere in the Bahamas. Travelers will be shipwrecked on a tropical island. Supplied with only a grooved shirt and a few basic tools, the road-made Croesus will build their own fire, catch their own food, and construct their own shelter. These feeling particularly brave may opt to carry no fresh water, obtaining theirs by condensation. At the end of the week the landlarks and most inventive travelers will be awarded prizes.



Parsons: Indian coastline adventure with a hot bath waiting at the end of the day

While these new tours are inspired by the great adventures Thomas Cook arranged for his clients, the resemblance obviously stops there. There are no elephants, porters or hooters, travelers are not carried through swamps on the backs of natives, and the tour guide is never called Beavis Stoll, the wanderer that sent Victorians twirling around the globe in search of a pair of socks to hang above the mantelpiece and flee—and is growing. For increasing numbers of seekers in the experience, the travel with the surprise, especially those Tuesdays in Belgium—is no way to travel at all.

Lee Wakefield



Dance

Putting all their eggs in one (small) basket

At a dance conference in Winnipeg last August, a faction from small contemporary dance groups severely attacked the multimillion dollar Ottawa handouts to larger companies, such as the National Ballet. With admirable cool, the National's Artistic Director Alexander Grant reminded

them of an intractable show-business fact: Any company could still virtually skip cultural expenses in the world. Those who cherish the virtues of unaligned creativity and not flaky benefactor returns, this was unarguably appropriate. But with the recent Canada Council cutbacks, many of the Winnipeg rebels are heading Grant's warning: "It's the public that eventually decides."

Certainly at the five-week Toronto Dance Festival—the first national dance festival ever—there's been an eagerness to please. For a meager \$300 honorarium per company and for as many as three performances (plus a share of a \$25,000 travel grant), 22 small companies from across the country are gathering at Toronto Workshop Productions through Oct. 22 to reap public attention and critical notices that might mean a bit of Ottawa money. Unlike the Winnipeg gathering, a peaceful spirit abounds, allowing the National Ballet's Steve Lake pas de deux on the

Wickie Wood and Pierre Desmarais of Vancouver's Anna Wyrman Dance Theatre: the audience knows best

same stage as the Brechtian strip-tease of Margaret Duggs. The styles of the companies are bewilderingly varied, from the quirky psychokinetic ballet of Montreal's Entro Six to the baroque Graham technique of the Toronto Dance Theatre. Anna Wyrman and Pierre Desmarais of the Regina Modern Dance Works, Halifax Dance Co-op and Montreal's Groupe Nouvelle Aire have all established themselves at home in the last two years. Dancy Grossman, Jody Jarvis, Le Groupe de la Place Royale and the Winnipeg Contemporary Dancers have made the requisite pilgrimages to the world's dance capital, New York, gathering warm reviews.

Tearing their own Greyhound-and-borrowed-bed creeds, these companies have adopted defiance as common, considering themselves established when they can command a vas or mimes to carry their props, costumes and

SAVE FOR LIFE

with a

Maclean's

CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION

Now at last, Canadians have a comprehensive weekly newsmagazine to keep them truly up-to-date on what's happening in the nation and the world. To celebrate this historic publishing event, MACLEAN'S invites you to enroll as a Charter Subscriber and receive THE BEST COMBINATION OF SUBSCRIPTION PRIVILEGES WE'VE EVER OFFERED!

- 1 YOU GET THE LOWEST RATES AVAILABLE!** \$3 weekly issues only \$9.98 (A \$16.27 saving off newsstand price, a \$3.15 saving off regular subscription rate!) OR 78 weekly issues only \$19.95 (A \$32.55 saving off newsstand price, a \$6.30 saving off regular subscription rate!)
- 2 YOU GET GUARANTEED LIFETIME SAVINGS!** A 10% discount off the prevailing renewal rate for as long as you continue as a subscriber - even for life!
- 3 YOU GET AN EXTRA BONUS GIFT!** A giant 78/79 poster calendar - 25"x38", printed in exciting colors - designed to lend a useful yet distinctive note to your den, library, rec room or office.

MY PERSONAL GUARANTEE

The above CHARTER SUBSCRIBER privileges are authorized for a limited time only. If, however, you should decide that the fine weekly Maclean's does not bring you truly up-to-date on what's happening in the nation and the world, you may write me and receive a prompt and full refund on all undelivered copies - no questions asked.

Lloyd H. Hodgkinson
LLOYD HODGKINSON
PUBLISHER



dancers, who number anywhere from three to 12. Otherwise, it's vaudette-like head times. Margaret Draga saves her luggage allowance for costumes, stuffs underwear into her hand baggage, then travels the cheapest route. Unfazed, surely, there's never any guarantee that this poverty translates into memorable accomplishments. The festival's opening night of shambler ballets was raucousness. With \$30 tickets, stars from the three large ballet companies and a repertoire with cache, goitres and French wine, it was an ill-conceived copy of a New York-style gala. The National Ballet's Swan Queen, Vanessa Harwood, had been cruelly shagbarked for one pas de deux to surmount the debts of contemporary dance. The dingy, beach-out theatre of Toronto Workshop doesn't allow for pretensions turning in garage-bin lighting, which modified the spectacular enlarging, a ballerina inelegantly lost her armoire, and the pianist on stage turned his sheet music so ferociously and headily that a senior funding officer in the last row spluttered and made dark water-logs. Only a brilliant performance of John Butler's *After Eden* by Les Grands Ballets Canadiens stars Jenipa Dunn and Alexandre Babin raised the event above the level of tolerable, chantable tawling.

Still, ordinary dance fans were, for once, engaged for far more than choreographic colour and they came to enjoy. Performers were generously suggested at the group-bowling, foot-stomping and encore cries that were unknown during

Jones, who had to turn people away, said, somewhat stunned: "I am overwhelmed I never dreamed of this kind of response." Rabel fantasies of profit pointed to the possibility of an annual festival, cynics pointed out that even a complete five-week festival would still draw only one-eighth the patrons of a healthy National Ballet season at the O'Keefe Centre downtown.

Still, ordinary dance fans were, for once, engaged for far more than choreographic colour and they came to enjoy. Performers were generously suggested at the group-bowling, foot-stomping and encore cries that were unknown during

the first, less zealous, Toronto Dance Festival two years ago. Audiences feverishly generated an unusually high standard of dancing.

The contemporary dance groups have always claimed a huge but elusive authenticity. Says Artistic Director Rachel Browne of Contemporary Dancers: "I feel that modern dance has a potential for selling as big as rock concerts." But deluding a dance house does not always mean creating it or belonging to it. In Toronto, Canada's young dance groups finally turned their lead's gold into the real stuff. The audience had decided that.

John Ayre

IT ALL COMES HOME



... when you give the United Way.

Because when you give to the United Way most of your contribution stays right where you are - and goes right to work in your own community.

A pledge to the United Way means that you are helping to bring vital social services

and support to the people you care about.

That's the United Way idea. And thanks to people like you... it's working. Please give generously to the United Way.



United Way

Thanks to you it works FOR ALL OF US



Judy Jones as the 'Anchor Man' saying: These women can do it...

When ticket prices and pretensions returned to normal the next night for the established Toronto Dance Theatre, all 300 seats sold out. For the Disney German Dance Company the next two nights. Here were two more sellouts. It happened again through the weekend with Les Ballets Jazz and into the next week with the Winnipeg Contemporary Dancers Festival Director Roger

How to live with cuts in the arts: cut the bureaucrat, not the artist

By Barbara Amiel

Last week I talked with a couple who had spent time in Nazi concentration camps, he at Dachau and she at Auschwitz. The one tragedy that reunites them is Canada is the wife's loss of hearing. The beatings she received caused a degenerative condition and now, despite the best hearing aids and surgery, she is almost deaf. It is so happen that the passion of her life is opera and music. You can lip-read conversation but you can't lip-read opera.

My friends are the only couple I know who are so close to the edge of survival that for some people one of the worst aspects of being deaf is to be cut off from the arts. According to one co-educator, these who kept their spiritual life active stood the best chance of physical survival.

The arts share a similar role in the survival of a nation. What would we remember of ancient Greece if it were not for its literature, philosophy and sculpture? Without their great artists, Russia might be recalled only as a country of half-drunk serfdoms and Germany as a country of very sober men. What would Norway be remembered for besides their and Bjørnson—that most of its citizens had different lives and ate a lot of fish? All that a nation can offer posterity in this Canadiana universe is its best thoughts and emotions expressed through the work of its artists. It is not a particularly original observation, but the indifference or gloom which greeted news of our government's budget cuts in the arts makes one want to restate it. Sell one ticket to Chopin's 4th and Maud Towner or later, artists must take the painful fact that if there is no demand for their work their artistic activity is essentially a self-indulgence, a hobby in evening clothes, and they must look to themselves, not the government, as a source of income.

Fair. The arts always required public support, and in turn gave their supporters not only a somewhat nebulous national, but a far more important human, identity. Of course, in times of

direct income, the arts flourish best when providing audiences with cheap, low-experience. But in our risk, mobile society we don't have to pick up a book or go to the theatre to experience life. We have enough money for holidays, love affairs, eating out, water-skiing. The easy entertainment of Hollywood competes for what is left of our leisure time. It is no accident that CBC radio's cultural programming has a much more devoted audience in small towns and villages. People in Little Cow or Tur-



with their audiences. If Canadians didn't appreciate them, well, they would take poet Robert Graves's advice all too literally: "Poets ought to take it each other's washing because they're the only responsible audience." And so, in spite of some notable exceptions, we find ourselves with more successful artists per capita than any other nation in the world. They rendered the most exotic or depressing trends of other nations' cultural modernisms: American Black Mountain or Latin American concrete poetry, German surrealism, British kitchen-sink drama. Soon matters reached a point where, as a recent review of a Canadian film, a New York newspaper simply labelled it as "another innumerable downer from Canada."

At home, as alien audiences were alienated even further. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that by now, if the CBC stopped broadcasting its Canadiana content, many Canadians would only note a considerable improvement in programming.

As one who prefers to live in a society with an indigenous artistic life, I have a couple of suggestions. If hard times mean budget cuts, at least let

them be more likely to know the poetry of Margaret Atwood or the music of Harry Belafonte than the sophistries of Union Square. An underlying philanthropy cuts through our society as well. The early promoters thought more about financing the land than paying the pit. And our immigrants are busy getting their own cars and color TV sets. Finally, we live not next to an immense cultural entity that speaks the same language but more than simply fills our needs for both high and low art. There may be insurmountable differences between Canada and America that delight a sociologist, but it's pure not to suggest we don't share essentially the same culture. If U.S. culture were alien to Canadian audiences we wouldn't require government programs and regulations to stop it at the border.

The trouble is that in response to this climate, a substantial number of Canadian artists become exceptionally self-

them be more likely to know the poetry of Margaret Atwood or the music of Harry Belafonte than the sophistries of Union Square. An underlying philanthropy cuts through our society as well. The early promoters thought more about financing the land than paying the pit. And our immigrants are busy getting their own cars and color TV sets. Finally, we live not next to an immense cultural entity that speaks the same language but more than simply fills our needs for both high and low art. There may be insurmountable differences between Canada and America that delight a sociologist, but it's pure not to suggest we don't share essentially the same culture. If U.S. culture were alien to Canadian audiences we wouldn't require government programs and regulations to stop it at the border.

The trouble is that in response to this climate, a substantial number of Canadian artists become exceptionally self-



Books

Old acquaintance should be forgot

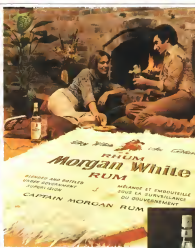
THE UNMADE BED
by Francine Segal
(Bantam Books \$11.95)

In 1954 Francine Segal, 38, published her first novel, *Banjo*. Truancy. She let the book-seller take and made every 30-year-old unpublished author feel over the hill. Some would-be writers comforted themselves by not reading her, a task made increasingly difficult as Segal began to turn out novels (*A Certain Smile*, *Arms-on-Everest*) with the regularity of a French Joyce Carol Oates. Others comforted themselves with the critical observation that her subject matter was "very thin." *Banjo* (Penguin's *Cleis* fitted from bed to bed with a comfortable anonymity that predated the '60s coupling epidemic by a good 10 years, but seemed to learn very little from it all except perhaps that her particular brand of sensuality required a soupçon of pun to bring it off. It took Segal 12 more books (and innumerable bedspreads) to come to the conclusion that love is a more complicated business than a spare half hour, a willing couple and a reasonably comfortable look or cranny. Still, if 24 years of writing is needed to produce a novel as insidious and knowing as *The Unmade Bed*, then all other disappointed grunts and whines of earlier Ro-

gas heroines were not in vain. The *Unmade Bed* is a brilliant and witty discussion of a love affair.

This time the heroine is Beatrice, a beautiful actress in her late 30s who

understands the necessity of artifice both behind and beyond the footlights. She has remained an old love affair with a young playwright now beginning to enjoy international recognition. Released in impetuous, moody, talented and determined to worship the divinely destructive Beatrice. "Tooth chanced at the wheel of his Peugeot 504, Edward Malgrone, like a belated adolescent, vowed to give his mistress a charmed life paved with love and triumphs (only the latter in the plural, of course.) In fact this was one of Edward's greatest charms, not to say virtues. He couldn't,



Segal: more pointed pillow talk

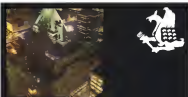


Smooth and friendly Morgan White

Pure clear Morgan White. A great companion to any mix. Soft and smooth over ice. Make friends soon.

Distilled and properly preserved by Seagram





Hotel Vancouver A legend isn't built overnight.

Some hotels mistake garish for grandeur. Sophisticated travelers know better. Because after the glitzier resorts, no does the glamour. Hotel Vancouver is truly a legend. One that wears out, not off. A legend you can enjoy overnight. Every night. With spacious elegance that embodies all the graciousness of the past. And includes all the amenities of the present. That's why discerning travelers choose the legend. Every night.

Everything a legend should be.
Including affordable.

For Reservations, call (604) 681-1111. In BC, call (604) 681-1111. Outside BC, call (604) 681-1111.

A Fine Wine from Italy

CHIARLI ROSE

Delightful crackling Rose of the hills surrounding Moscato. Delicate bouquet. Exquisite in taste. Recommended with Hors D'Oeuvre and light dishes.

Serve chilled with confidence.



Canadian Representative: Severo Schindler Agency's Limited

and didn't, imagine Beatrice defeated and disarmed, calling for help, not knowing where passion was concealed. Beatrice in need of him."

Sumo's account of the love affair between writer and actress is written with mercurial wit. Every little posture struck in a love affair is noted. Amused readers seeing their most offensive gestures and best, have revealed as shameless pleasures may take comfort from the evident affection the author has for her characters. But the book does bring to mind Byron's observation that "man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence. Though this is not literally true, of course, it may be that *The Denim Bed*, which concentrates solely on an account of the relationship between a man and a woman without any other ideas, plot, or message, will totally absorb all female readers. Some men, on the other hand, may find it asleep. **Barbara Axell**

Stand tall but talk small

THE RAILROAD IS NOT ENOUGH

CHARRIS, NEW
by Heather Menzies

On June 1, 1971, Heather Menzies, a young Winnipeg-based journalist, packed her car and set off to see Canada. The question she asked was: What is Canada? And to get that answer she

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1. *Changeling*, Michael (1)
2. *Scorpions*, Amis (2)
3. *The Honourable Consul*, Ludlum (3)
4. *Silence*, Brighton (4)
5. *Whodunnit*, Sherrin (4)
6. *The Silencers*, Folio (5)
7. *My Enemy the Queen*, Wolf (5)
8. *Sonnet*, Morgan (5)
9. *Killer Eye*, Watson (5)
10. *The Roman Feast*, Christie (5)

NONFICTION

1. *Life is a Bowl of Cherries — What Am I Doing in the Post?*, Susskind (2)
2. *The Complete Book of Postings*, Per (1)
3. *Feeling Your Own Stripes*, Gyer (4)
4. *The Freedom Voyage*, Stevens (3)
5. *Metropolitan Life*, Caldwell (3)
6. *The Country Story of St. Lawrence*, Lepp, Hendon (2)
7. *Travels*, Proulx (10)
8. *P. P. Taylor*, Schindler (10)
9. *Robert Kennedy and the Times*, Schindler (10)
10. *The Joy of Hockey*, Mac (10)

1. *Practical Book of Postings*
Published with the aid of the
Canadian Government Publications



Members along the great divide

played Barry Braverman/Studio Turkel, talking to the folks from the Yukon to Newfoundland's outposts. No consensus (no surprise) emerged, but in the asking Menzies has produced a bleak and distancing portrait of the country in its 111th year of confederation. John Loeber, production manager of a dairy plant, in Red Deer, Alberta, epitomizes the citizenry more candidly than most: "I wouldn't say I'm complacent as much as I am ignorant. If I read Maclean's in the doctor's office I would probably left through to the sports page and see what Bobby Hull did rather than what our prime minister said." There's a buried eloquence here. Bobby Hull, real guy, the prime minister, fancy title, the former does the latter only says. The number of times the government is mentioned when Canadians in the book talk of their country can be counted on a married hand. Loyalties take root closer to home. Al Satterly, whose pension is secret, claims "I'm a St. Lawrence first, then a Newfoundland, then a Canadian & I guess." What patriotism is expressed comes as a paradoxical afterthought, the pages ring with variations on "If I approve pots (Canada) down, I'll stand up for it" (Canada). The last-ditch poetry of Suzanne Beck-

ett comes to mind again and again. Native in Yellowknife, the elderly in Prairie towns are astonished by lunchtime rituals, the staid young in the Maritimes all see their prospects as un-Canadian, but, some pocket of pluck makes them go on, like the Quebec character nattering across. A few are emboldened enough to rant on about seaports (natives, immigrants, the French), many seek advice is also, but, but most, like Loretta Forrester, 39, of Grande Green, Quebec, just want to "never trouble." In her province, though, she's the odd woman out: only the French are aristocrats in their anger. Francoise Rivest, a Quebec City citizen, says, "At Murr's Restaurant in Montreal, the only French word they understand is *meissen*." If only they realized it was French.

Senator Eugene Forsey from Canada may become "just... a geographical expression." If the spokesman in this book are an accurate sampling, he's been the times. It's a collection of voices crying in a vast wilderness. Asked what Canada is, Stanley Jussaw, a trapper, thinks and replies, "Start a name I guess." **Bill MacFie**

escape to our island



Discover our island where
the beach has more sea gulls
and pelicans than people.

Golf • Tennis • Diving
Sailing • Fishing • Boating
Oceanfront Motel Apartments



Indian River Plantation Resort
355 N.E. Plantation Road
Boca Raton, Florida 33494
(45 miles north of Palm Beach)
Call Collect (305) 296-3700
Complete Hotel Services



Films

They do make movies the way they used to

DEATH ON THE NILE

Directed by John Guillermin

With its Egyptian locales, Nina Fata's roaring neo-Wagnerian music, a collection of actors who are established scene-stealers, and an Agatha Christie plot, *Death on the Nile* has a kind of verve, class, grandeur. The camera technique of the director (John Guillermin, who did the grossly underrated remake of *King Kong*, in color), and it feels like exposure: the camera is a gliding Cook's tour of the Nile and Egypt's ruins. Like its successful predecessor, *Murder on the Orient Express*, it's saturated in period style, and fantastically old-fashioned fill a proverbial with an assembly of recitatives (all of whom have a motive for killing me) which leaves no doubt about Nina Fata's sense of style. The music is a kind of verve, class, grandeur. The camera technique of the director (John Guillermin, who did the grossly underrated remake of *King Kong*, in color), and it feels like exposure: the camera is a gliding Cook's tour of the Nile and Egypt's ruins. Like its successful predecessor, *Murder on the Orient Express*, it's saturated in period style, and fantastically old-fashioned fill a proverbial with an assembly of recitatives (all of whom have a motive for killing me) which leaves no doubt about Nina Fata's sense of style.

Among the suspects, Mrs. Paree,

whose old boy-friend (Simon MacCorkindale) Linnet has stolen and married, downer Betty Davis (all crash and looking like one of New York's fiercest ladies), her companion Flowers (Maggie Smith, her hair so tortuously tight around her head as to suggest it might take wing at any moment), Jan Fench, never travelling without his copy of *Das Kapital*, George Kennedy and David Niven as Linnet's lawyers with conflicting interests, and Angela Lansbury in the besetted Mrs. Salome Otterbourne, a writer of trash fiction looking for lust whenever she can find it.

Others, Smith and Davis respond to their lives the way bloodhounds do to a scent, but it's Lansbury, plumed and beaded, walking so though in a personal gale, who steals the show with her outrageously camp performance. The formula is so familiar by now that it's tedious, and though few people read *Orient Express* (or will *Nile*) with any outstanding degree of security, they might remember these movies with a vague fondness: the time it takes

Niven and Lansbury, they had faces when

them to unravel is often just what the doctor ordered. Small miracle they've always been part of the experience of going to the movies. Lawrence O'Toole

Springtime for Hitler

THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL
Directed by Franklin Schaffner

A Hitler is alive and well and living in Argentina: the suggestion is at once absorbing and faintly risible. In his best-selling novel, *The Death of Hitler*, actually went one better. Harrowing a public's morbid fascination with Nazism to more recent speculation about advances in genetic engineering—specifically, cloning—he added a fresh twist to the catchphrase “father to his people.” The movie remains faithful to the novel, right up to the inflationary looker at the end where the whole *World* premise comes apart.

The premise is so ingeniously simple-minded one has to be careful not to give away too much. *Cher* in Paraguay, death camp monster Dr. Josef Mengele (Gregory Peck) assembles a group of Nazis and informs them of a plan which will ensure the Fourth Reich and Argon supremacy. The plan requires that 94 men, in numerous countries, be murdered at precise intervals over a 24-year period. *Cher*: All the men are 40, none evil servants and have seen 22 to 34 years of age. *Cher*: The title is in anything but (horrific) Mengele's scenario and the story's main focus is a feisty Austrian Nazi-hunter (Lawrence Olivier).

Levin told his tale so speedily and purposefully the novel could almost have been a screen treatment. This impression is found a kindred spirit in director Schaffner, whose reputation is founded on work of a grandeur, more impersonal nature (Petrova), *Boys* falls into this groove, which is a pity. Schaffner has invited the chance to embrace the clever plot with a faster and more dramatic which could have made this evil reasonable, a true horror classic, up there on the big screen, such cleverness unadorned seems a little forced. Such fidelity has meant that a great actor like Olivier has to play most of his role on the one note of admirable Jewish uncle. This Hagen is briefly effective, Lili Palmer is still beautiful, and James Mason is completely wasted.

Ultimately, *The Boys from Brazil* says less about genetic engineering and mad Nazis than it does about big money novels and big money film-making. It is sleek, fast-paced and quickly forgettable—a sanitized nightmare.

John Lovebrough

FIRST CITY TRUST. THEN THE OTHERS.

We were born in the rugged oil country of Edmonton—but we weren't a first. We helped build thousands of dreams throughout Canada—but we weren't a first. We successfully pursued ever new channels of financial service—but we still weren't a first. ☐ It wasn't until now, in fact, that the company you've known as City Savings & Trust became... First City Trust. Why the change? Because the accelerating growth of this all-Canadian financial service company now demands a new organizational focus—to serve customers even more effectively. ☐ The result is a Canadian first: First City Trust. ☐ Whatever your financial needs, now you know who to call first.

First City Trust

Formerly City Savings & Trust

Branch offices in Victoria/Vancouver/
Calgary/Edmonton/Regina/Saskatoon/Winnipeg/
Ottawa/Toronto/Kitchener/London

Who says government has no place in the bedrooms of the nation?

By Allan Fotheringham

There was a most peculiar happening on the television screen the other day when the prime minister of the land was being questioned by Peter Desbarats of the Global Network. Desbarats' wit and political shadings up to the legitimate point that in the subject of some speculation in Ottawa with the election now definitely set for the spring: the possibility of a reconciliation with Margaret.

Mr. Trudeau is that witty manner that makes him so endearing to voters, turned on Desbarats and asked him the state of his marriage—obviously knowing his answer beforehand. Well, replied the TV reporter, he and his wife were separated. The PM then demanded to know why the marriage failed and was there any chance for a reconciliation. After Desbarats made the point that he didn't happen to be an elected official, let alone a prime minister, his colleague Peter Trueman interrupted the two combatants and asked things out of a messy and unedifying spectacle. Not one of the great moments in TV Canadian history.

The tabloids, as well as illustrating Trudeau's correct embattled mood, was instructive for the public in spotlighting something that is still greatly underestimated in this country: the toll that politics is taking on marital bliss. If the media of our society that crash on the pews is now one in three, the properties of fame and politics and environs can be higher. Trudeau of course is the country's—if not the world's—most celebrated single parent. René Lévesque's domestic problems—discreetly ignored by the press for years—have now been splashed across the tabloids, new leader Bob Broadbent, quietly divorced, is happily married again. In the cabinet, they're falling like leaves.

There is the prominent politician, his career flourishing in public life with a sad divorce and a remarriage to his already pregnant intended. The top figure

whose wife, as with Jean Kennedy, has had to fight a battle with the bottle brought on by her husband's work load. The national cause who resented to the country so his lover could bear his child, only for the ignorant but dutiful small-town paper to print the birth statistics from the local hospital.

It is *Margaret* Trudeau, wife of the just-retired justice minister, who says, "I love my children, I would die for them, but I hate being a mother." Adapted to the litany of a political wife.



it would state that they love their husbands, would die for them, but loathe the lives they are forced to lead. They're mad as hell and they're not going to take it anymore. If the male victim—as a husband—becomes almost as president as the more highly popular wife—dumping—thinks he has a tough time in suburbia, imagine the demoralization to the ego in politics.

A British Columbia cabinet minister last month broke down after answering in public the whinger campaigner that alleged he had been involved in drug dealings, what the public didn't want to know that the day before his wife had just walked out, leaving him with the children. As one of the two journalists in the country who regards himself as somewhat a friend of Margaret Trudeau (like other men, Don Turner, who moved to Africa, which leaves me neither isolated), I think a cue can be made that Margaret has had something

of a lunatic press. (She also now has a press hound, but that's part of the problem, not the solution.) She could be admired for her honesty as much as she is condemned for her naivete. The tragedy of Frances Poir began when the original better half walked out, leaving him with the child.

One of the plagues of politics is to be a neutered Speaker. A neutered Speaker of a provincial legislature, also from the case of partisan politics, with inter-parliamentary jousts around the world gratefully accepted, lives it all in an affair with a secretary whom he sponsored, promoted and co-opted. The man—stripped of his title, his rank, his reputation, and his future now sits forlornly in the backbenches, contemplating the deadly rewards of sex. The current premier of B.C., caught between the problems of geography and the needs of a family of four growing boys, is forced to live alone in a pest house in isolated Victoria, avoid night owls, avoid his own family and seeing his family only on the weekends. The previous premier, social worker Dave Barrett, who once had to sack a cabinet minister after the

man was discovered in flagrant delinquency in a car less than 50 yards from the premier's office window, simply shakes his head in empathy and talks about how his marriage is so unusual. "It is happy and in politics that is an almost impossible condition to achieve."

The public had best brace itself. The candor is going to get worse. Randy heterosexuals is common, but there is a new issue. The sexual preferences of bachelor California Governor Jerry Brown, who wants to be president, is openly questioned. New York Mayor Edward Koch, a 50-ish bachelor, was asked at his opening press conference whether he was a homosexual.

That dumpy, dowdy little Henry Kissinger said that power was the greatest aphrodisiac of all. Remember that, with sympathy, the next example you come upon our hideous legislators. Some day the Canadian public will have to come to accept it as normal.



Enjoy that great 'big car' feeling in Dodge Aspen '79.

The Aspen '79 concept of a family car is sure to appeal to you. The Aspen is spiffy (the terrific T-bar option is a great covering board), the stereo is picture. But it's built to give you sound value, and nothing speaks a bigger part of it. So the Aspen is a generous, forty-size 16 car.



Big car comfort means big car feel. So the Aspen's power front seats, power windows and door locks, air conditioning, AM-FM stereo with CB, and 100 mph all you have a choice of. Brakes, fuel, 100-110 mph with power windows and folding centre console.

Some styling in all weather conditions is a feature of every 79 Aspen. Thanks to the innovative electric shock heater circuit attached on all engines. See economy, too, with the 3.7-liter engine with manual transmission, optional automatic or 4-speed overdrive.



Enjoy a big choice of models. Dodge Aspen '79 offers you sports coupes including the dashy Aspen Sunrise and 501. Sedans and wagons offer more sport, custom and Special Editions. See them all at your Dodge dealer.

PROTECTED BY THE
CANADIAN CREDITORS
AND CONSUMERS
WARRANTY

Dodge
BY DESIGN '79

Dodge
100-110 mph
100-110 mph
100-110 mph
100-110 mph

BUY ON LEASE

(Four Russian Eagles)

These were awarded as the government's highest citation to the Smirnoff family as the sole purveyor of vodka to the Czars of Russia.

(St. Pierre Smirnoff Fls.)

Founded by Pierre Smirnoff who, in 1888, was elevated to Personal Commercial Advisor to Emperor Czar Alexander III. The vodka which bears his name has won awards in world expositions from Philadelphia to Moscow.

(International Renown)

Smirnoff is licensed for production in over 35 countries and sold in nearly every civilized country in the world.

(1818)—The first Smirnoff distillery was erected that year near the famous cast-iron bridge in Moscow.

(Purveyors to the Russian Imperial Court)
—Czar Alexander III in Moscow bestowed this title on the Smirnoff family in 1886 in appreciation for their superior vodka.

(No. 21)—One of the original formulas brought out of Russia by Vladimir Smirnoff in his escape to the West following the Russian Revolution in 1917.

History in a bottle.